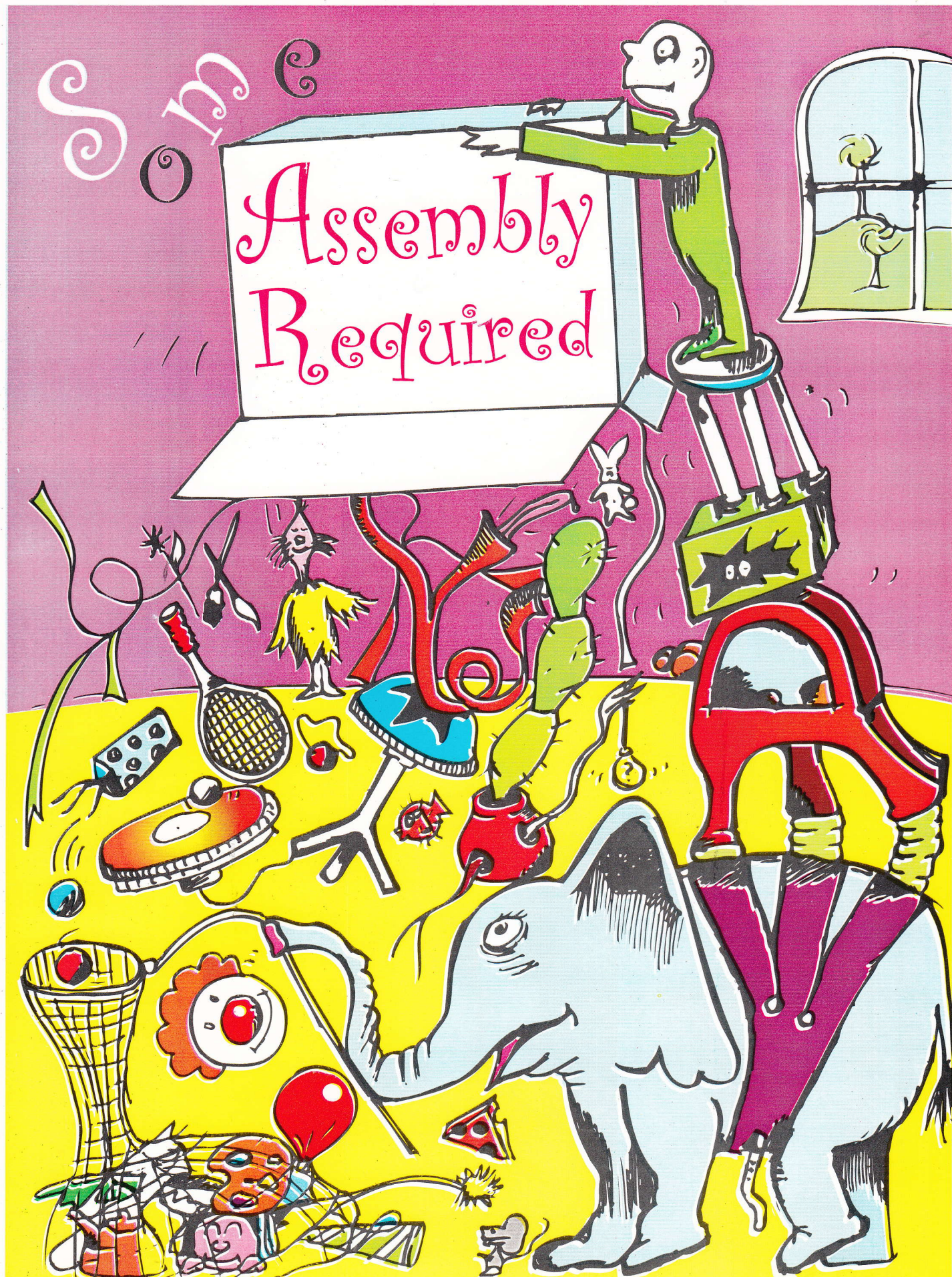
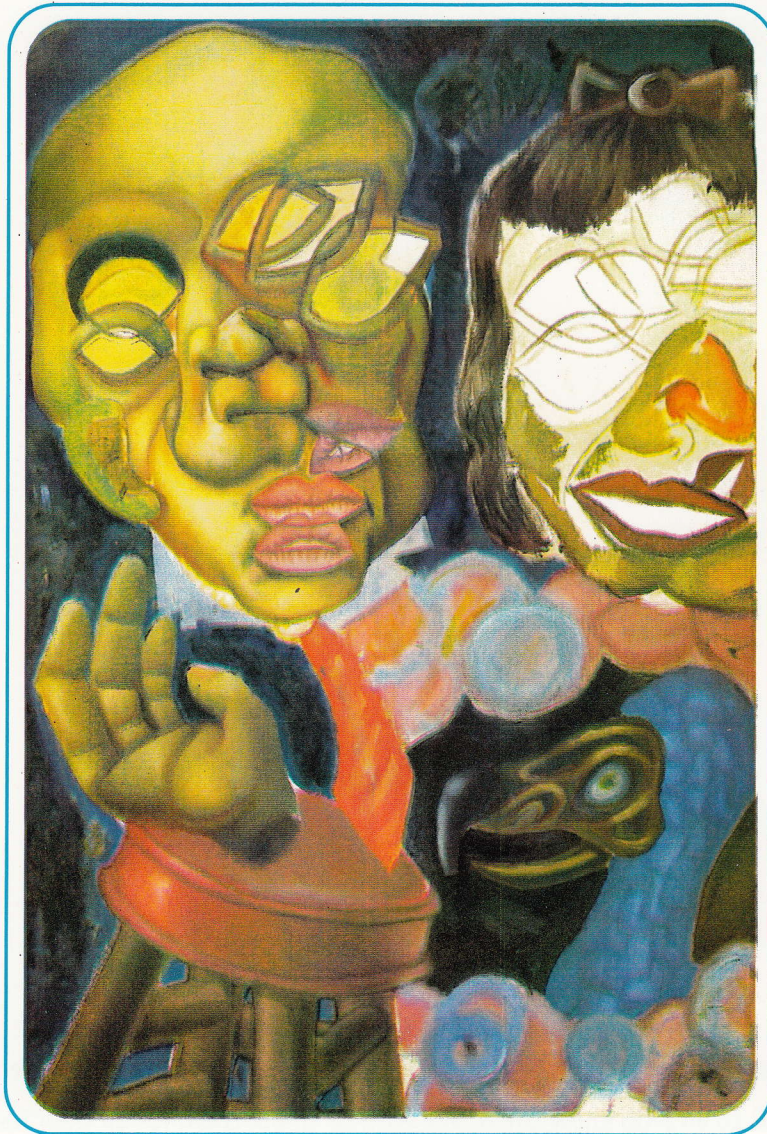


Assembly Required

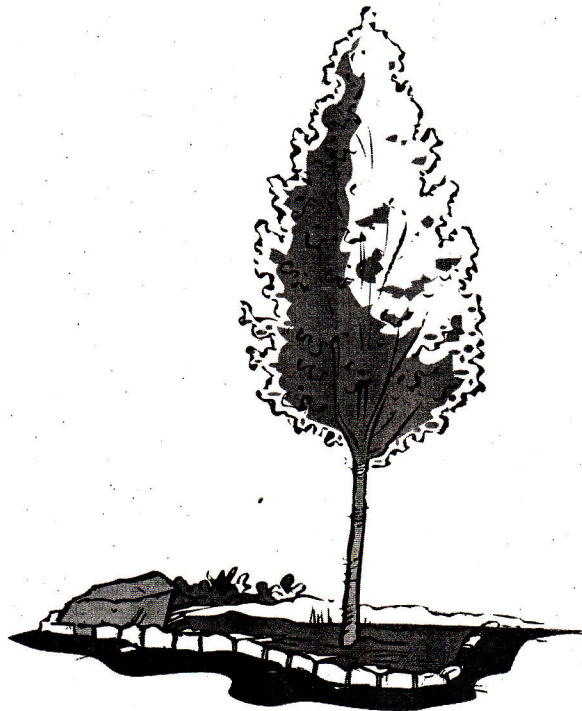


Some Assembly Required



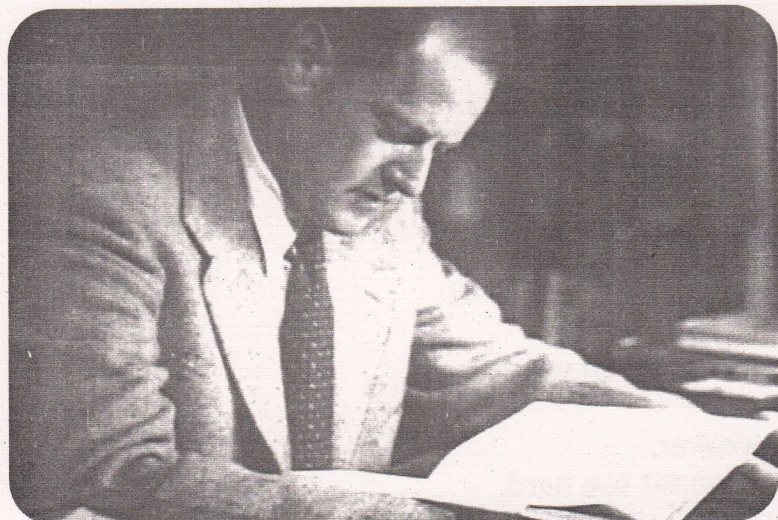
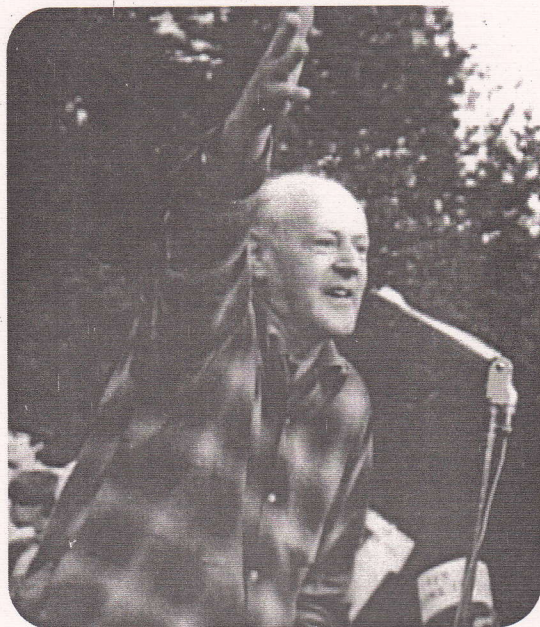
A Buck's Rock Summer of 2001 Production

Cover by Rachel Anscher
Title page by Jake Weisman
Back Cover by Mimi Bain



This yearbook is dedicated to the late Dr. Ernst Bulova and Ilse Bulova, founders of Buck's Rock Camp and friends to all who knew them. We wish to thank them for all their hard work, all their love, and for extending their hands and hearts beyond their immediate family to all of us, Buck's Rockers past, present, and future. We will miss you, and will carry with us your words, your loving memory, and above all the gratitude that you both gave us a place that we could call Home.

Thank you.



Ernst

By Jeffrey Paul Bobrick

He can't hear you.

You are all high-pitched silence
and girlish sweetness.

You must yell for your words to
reach his eardrum and resound.

He is distant, like a stranger 50 feet away, lost in the trees outside his house.

But if you yell to this stranger your kind words,
he will be as near as the greater voices in your head,
a comfort to you, a source of joy
as new and astonishing as the lightning
that he says scared a young boy last night.

I was a young boy when I met him.

I walked up to his unlocked front door
(this was before the ramp was put in)
and knocked.

"Come in, come in," he said, waving at me from inside.

I went to ask who he was. I wanted to know this person, and to become a person myself.

He did not live in this house year-round like he does now.

He was here only for the summer months,
and then he flew back home to Europe.

He drove his second wife with him in his car from Germany to Spain
every winter, until he was 90,
and made the journey with her by train for the next seven years,
until she died when he was 97.

He has lived here ever since, his legs growing weaker,
his feet swelling like punching bags that have been hit too hard,
his body curling up like that Caribbean plant that recoils when it is touched.

He jokingly calls his current situation "house arrest,"

and although I laugh when he says it,
it's too true to really be funny.

Yet his mind, his mind,
remains as it always was and will always be:
more alive, more "with it" than mine, than most.

He travels throughout the world, throughout time,
with passion, with sadness, with satisfaction and joy.

He goes back to his early years, and reviews the century.

Back and forth, back and forth,
he travels in his wheelchair too,
his legs kicking as his mind whirrs.

I cannot always tell if he wants to move forward to another room,
and if I should get out of the way.

But usually he is just thinking,
and moving in accordance with his roving and rambunctious thoughts.

He was old when I met him and he is older now.
I have seen him change in every way.
The world must come to him now,
as he transforms into pure soul.
I see him going, even as he holds on.
He goes, but he stays, much like his thoughts.

I am blessed (although he would hate my using that word)
to be his friend.
When he shares his thoughts with me
his journeys become my journeys,
as my journey has been his, ever since he first welcomed me.
We have spoken and questioned and discovered:
old and young, growing together.
He says these are the questions of all time,
the questions and answers that make us human,
defining us, enhancing us; they are what we believe.

So, listen to me.
You have entered the unlocked door as I did years ago.
If I'm lucky or blessed,
I will be as he is someday,
leaving my door open for sweet people like you,
and being worthy of your visit.
Now, with all your might,
yell to him, reach his soul with your eager voices.
You have so much to give and to take
While he is still alive.
You will make his day.
You will make my day.

When I say goodbye,
I will tell him again how much I love him,
how much he has given me just by living.
I will hold his large hands in mine,
kiss his warm, humorous face
on the cheek and the forehead,
take in his gray eyes
with red at the bottom
and miss him forever.

Anniversary

BY ERNST BULOVA

Once upon a time, long ago and far away, there was childhood, and one discovered the world. Some of it was new and some of it became familiar and some of it was indifferent and some of it made sense and some of it didn't.

After a few years, one turned everything upside down. What had become familiar turned out to be new and what had been new became all too familiar and what had been a matter of indifference became very important. And some of it made sense but some of it made no sense at all.

And one grew up and one added and subtracted, multiplied and divided and some of the results made sensé and some of the results didn't make sense.

And suddenly one was ninety-eight years old and one thought that there would be now a haven that was safe and quiet and serene. But one discovered that although there was a haven it was not safe or quiet or serene. And one thought that if one added two years and were one hundred and no longer ninety-eight, and could still continue to add and subtract, multiply and divide, there would be finally a haven that would be safe and quiet and serene. And although one had discovered much that was new and none that was indifferent or unimportant, even if one were to add one more year, the outcome would remain the same. Although in retrospect some made no sense, much did make sense after all.

And one thought that though one had not found a haven that was safe and quiet and serene, one suspected that such a haven may exist somewhere but no human being could ever enter it or did ever enter it in the past or shall ever enter it in the future.

And that is that and just as well.

Some Assembly Required



Anything that is constructed to be useful calls for a fair amount of assembly before it can accomplish anything. It begins with a collection of seemingly random parts that, separately, have no use. Sometimes it takes a long time to build, and sometimes the instructions are a little obscure, the layout is complex, and the ultimate outcome is uncertain. Often, the machine falls apart even after you think you have it all figured out.

Buck's Rock is one such machine. It is certainly constructed to be useful... as well as being creative, unique, and a whole lot of fun. It is the result of fifty-nine years of assembly by individuals who arrive each summer to find outlets for their imaginations.

Everyone who comes here leaves something behind once they've found themselves. It may be something material they've created, or it may be a memory held by both themselves and the people they've met. Whether or not they know it (or like it) they've helped to build this ever-more-complex machine. Those who run the shops and keep them going allow campers to imagine and choose - therefore, they, too, are mechanics of the experience.

We wouldn't be able to describe the parts that make up Buck's Rock without mentioning Ernst, who laid out the plans for the design of the machine and who, for the first time, isn't here to oversee its progression. It's up to us to keep the machine running, and to always keep building. It's a construction that is by no means finished, yet is already much more than the sum of its parts.

Annie Schapira

Vicki Litvinov

"Some Assembly Required"

"Some assembly required" - words often written on the packaging of children's toys, furniture and appliances. This chosen title for the 2001 Buck's Rock Yearbook offers the precise directions on how to assemble or shape a summer experience here.

"Some assembly required" is the very, only and last instruction necessary to create or design one's summer at Buck's Rock. Buck's Rock provides the parts, the tools, and the instructors, and upon opening the "Buck's Rock Package," you are invited to assemble the pieces - your chosen activities - to make your own, personalized summer experience.

If each camper's "assembled summer" were to be illustrated in physical shape or form, they surely would be all different and each unique. They might look not unlike some of the whimsical contraptions and imaginative creations seen in stories by the children's author Dr. Seuss. We can imagine some of these illustrations: the assembled pieces or parts that would represent a camper's experiences at the Pub Shop, Art Studio, Wood, Leather and Clown, and also the contraption or creation that would reflect experiences in Theatre, Batik, Metalsmithing and Book Arts.

Using many different kinds of materials, a variety of shapes, colors, textures, and sizes, each camper's "Assembled Buck's Rock Summer" manifests and moves differently. Some may be silent and others quite resonant, generating music like the hand drumming heard often after dinner or the sounds of steel being cut or welded in Sculpture. Some may move gracefully like a dancer, or rhythmically like the movements of a weaver, others are perhaps definite and cautious like a glass-blower, or angular and athletic like a fencer. Each is unique, each is admirable, each required just "some assembly," and each is your own, with both tangible and intangible gains that remain yours forever.

Buck's Rock does not provide an assembled product, mold, pattern, or formula - only the tools, the materials and the instruction for you to create your own experience. While you assemble, we watch the magnificence you create: the sounds, the sights, and the beauty that you each bring to Buck's Rock. Your "Assembled Buck's Rock Summer" is what we relish and rejoice in witnessing year after year. With just "some assembly required," behold how splendid your experiences are!

Until next summer's feast for our eyes and ears... MTFBWY

Mickey and Laura

Dr. Seuss comments on Buck's Rock and our Campers:

OH! THE PLACES YOU'LL GO! By Dr. Seuss

You have brains in your head.

You have feet in your shoes.

You can steer yourself any direction you choose.

You're on your own.

And you know what you know.

And YOU are the one who'll decide where to go...

OH! THE PLACES YOU'LL GO!

You'll be on your way up!

You'll be seeing great sights!

You'll join the high fliers

who soar to high heights.

You won't lag behind,
because you'll have the speed.

You'll pass the whole gang
and you'll soon take the lead.

Wherever you fly, you'll be best of the best.

The Directors and family



Mickey, Laura, Emily and Dylan Morris



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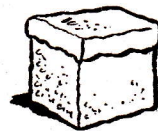


Leather



Tennis

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Office



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New Milford 8



Animal Farm



Pioneering

Afternoon Gong:



Metals



Mushed



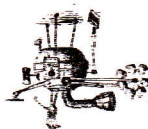
Guitar Snack



Studio 59



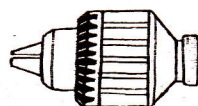
Drum Shed



PASS



Photo



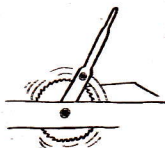
Sculpture



Sewing



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Softball



Love Shack



Costume



Set Design



LSD



Theatre

T

of

C

Finale:

Pub Article
Great Photo
Editorials
Programmes
Credits

Ernst's 1953
Yearbook Article

Put to Bed Gong:

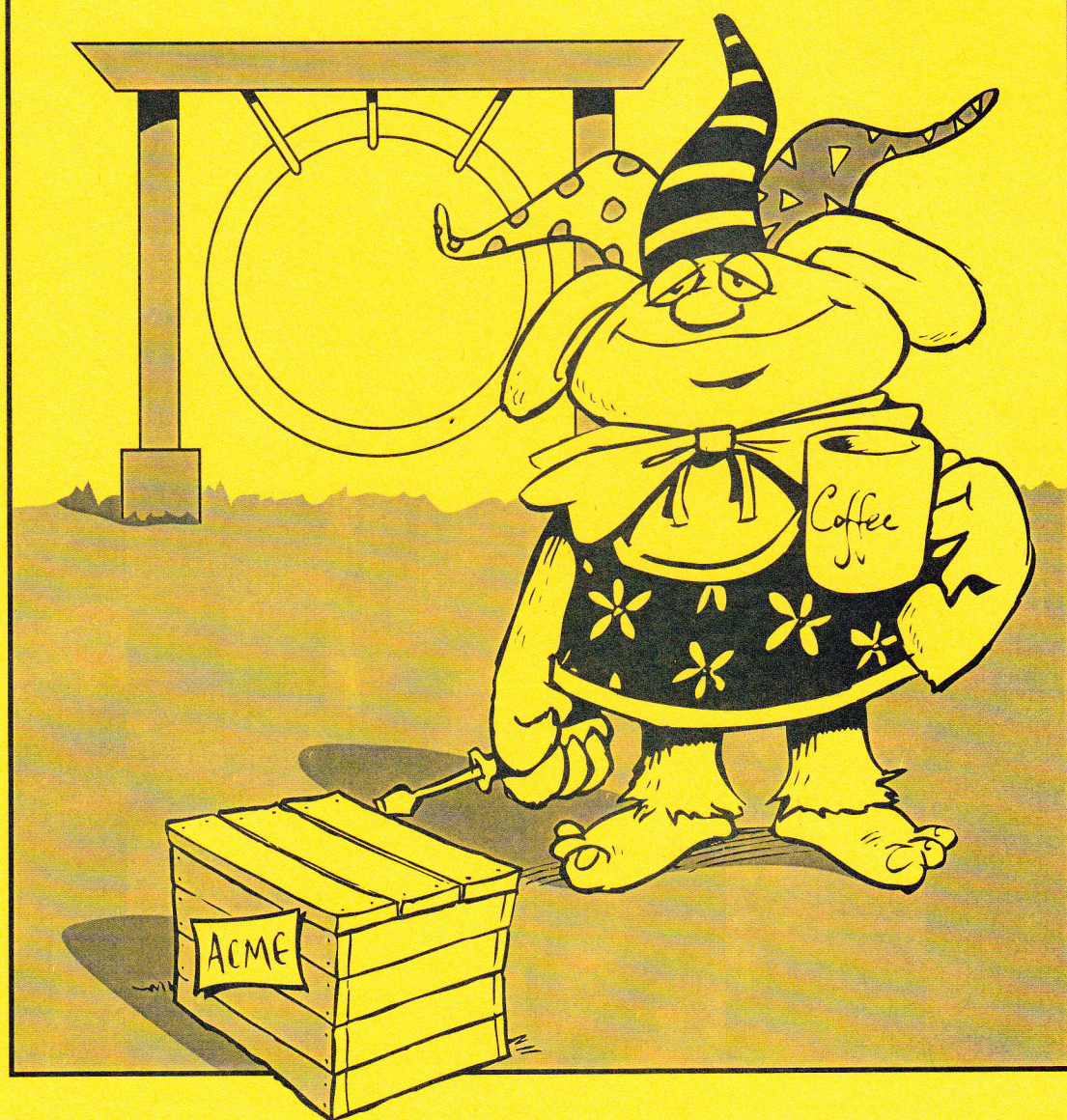


Bed-Time Stories
(Lit Section)



Bunk Shots

Morning Gong

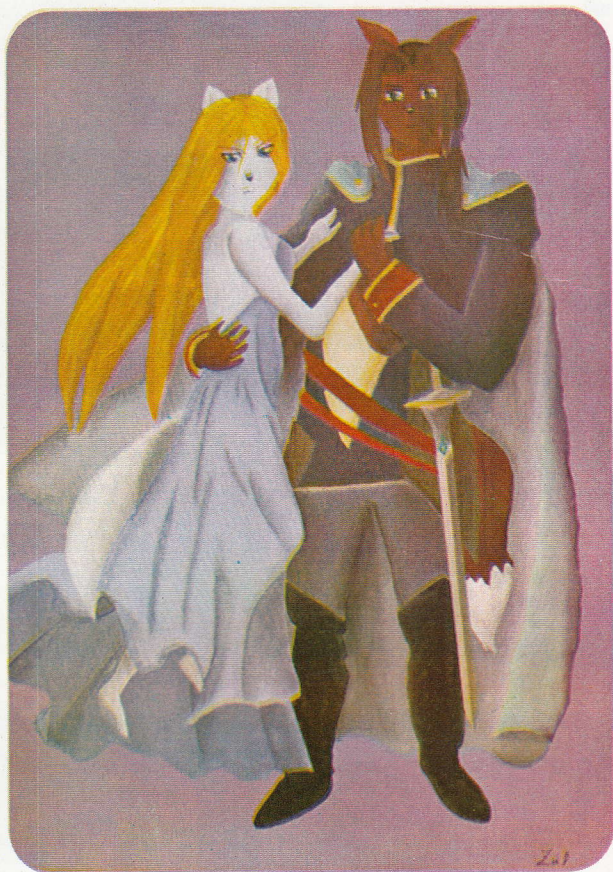


"It is rare to come across one that
can remember what it is like to be a teenager in the world
today; someone who realizes what it's like to have great ideas
but not be able to show them. Ernst understood this,
and so he created Buck's Rock."

- Buck's Rock alumnae Lizabeth Brody
(from the official Buck's Rock Message Board, 2001)



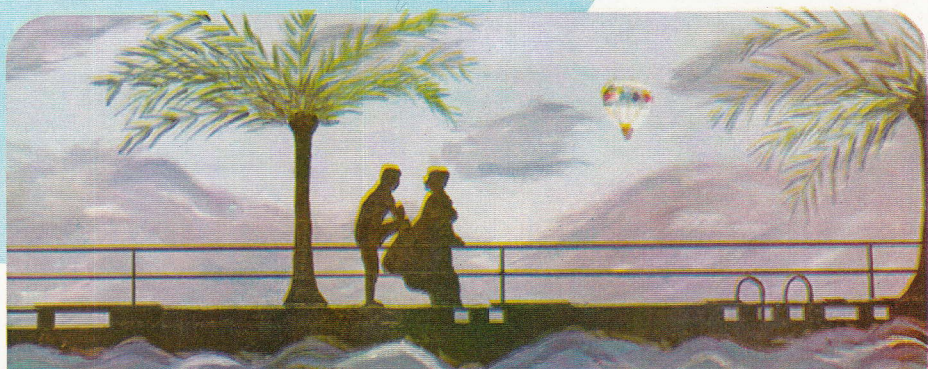
by Andrea Pitcock



by Zoe Brookes



by Ashley Stone



by Shana Wilensky

Art



Another morning has come in to play for the art shop staff, we do not stray, we are busy at work, we silly fellows, hopping and bopping; everything but mellow-z.

BUNNY We a qby yet another tour then Chris, the Brit, shows them the score. "We are a very international bunch, France, Australia, England, U.S.A., California... [yeah]"

"We have canvas, notebooks, Marion please explain," then she looks at the rest of the CITS, in hope, in vain for we run to the four corners of the room to "work", "critique", and sweep... "Where are the brooms?" Caitlin starts doodling, Jeanette's wings are on their way, Rachel's sleeping on the couch and poor Marion has no more to say but she is still getting dragged around in the new Buck's Rock tour and she looks for assistance, since it's really a bore. Rick is busy helping get another oil painting start-

ed on, Felix is discussing griffins as she aids in someone's dragons, Helena is water-coloring, proving us all to be amateurs, Ellen is still dating all the books, and economic blurs, Nick is getting dirty either paint or ink or gesso,

and Jesse is a waiting for a role playing book to memorize-o. BUNNY

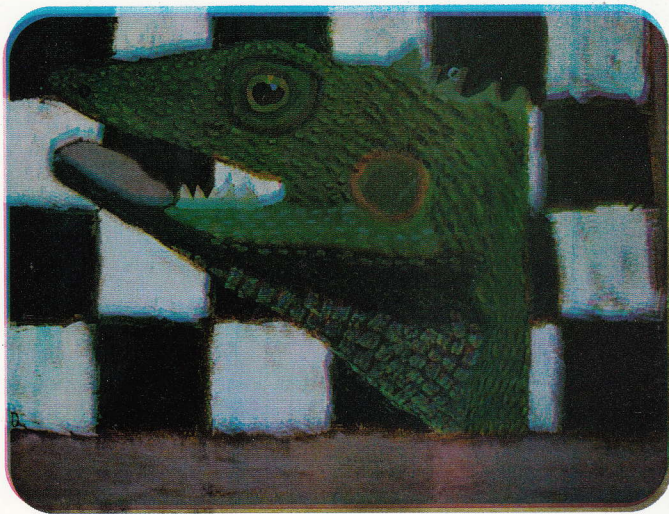
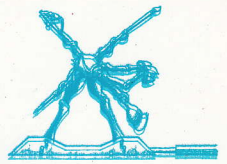
And so we drag on throughout the day, weighed down with paint, and sometimes even clay, cause although we are the art studio supposedly just for paint, we get wooden cages, sculpted faces, just about anything up to date, and we all are proud of our durability to be a STUDIO for everything, for we are the ART SHOP STRONG...

STURDY... and full of BUNNIES!!!!!!

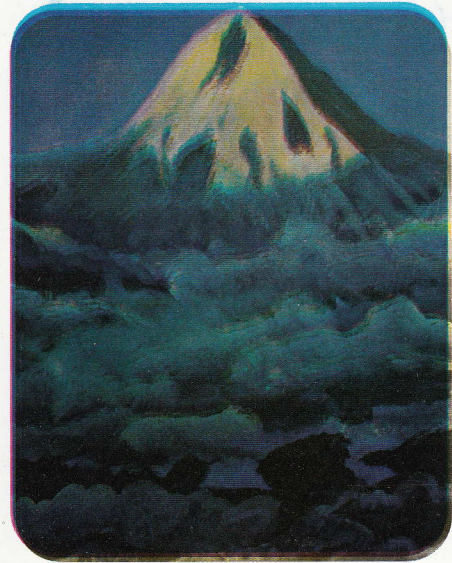
Staff:

Rick Price
Chris Forby
Ellen Goodwin
Felix Eddy
Nick Cheeseman
Helena Townsend
Jesse Smolover
Rachel Anscher (CIT)
Marion Morel (CIT)
Caitlin Bronston-Flynn (CIT)
Jeanette McPeck (CIT)





by Jamie Dack



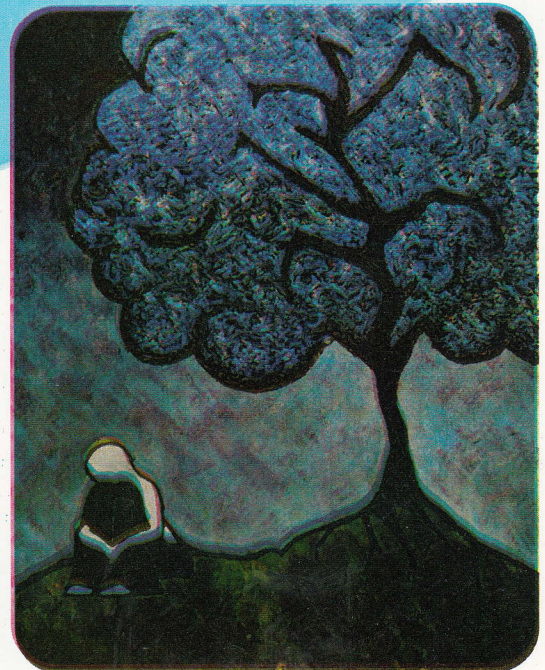
by Aimee Franco



by Jane Rogers



ara Schneider



by Erin Johnson

Batik



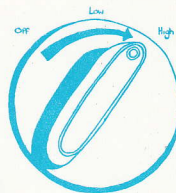
A long time ago in a camp called Buck's Rock,
 The campers awoke to a terrible shock.
 They went to Batik and the set was not there
 As shouts arose from everywhere,
 The Minch stole the set," they started to say,
 "The dye will not stay, will not stay for a day."
 The Minch was an albino camper you see,
 He was as white as can possibly be.
 He envied the fabrics that can be dyed so bright
 That he stole the set in the dead of the night.
 To the top of Buck's Rock they followed the Minch
 To get the set back now they thought was a cinch
 The sun was so hot and bright, they say,
 That the Minch's skin darkened three shades that day
 Now that the Minch's skin had turned green,
 Back at Batik the set could be seen.
 The colorful fabric and folded cloth
 Soon made Batik his favorite shop.



Staff:

Marie "At the end of the day" Sylvester
 Helen "Yes, I'm sure it is" Sheldrake
 Mimi "Can't say no" Winick

Becky "My God, Carol, you're scary" Roberts-Wolfe (CIT)
 Carol "Psycho laugh" Winick (CIT)
 Stephanie "Whore red" Smith (CIT)



by Maud Doyle



by Erik Kaiko



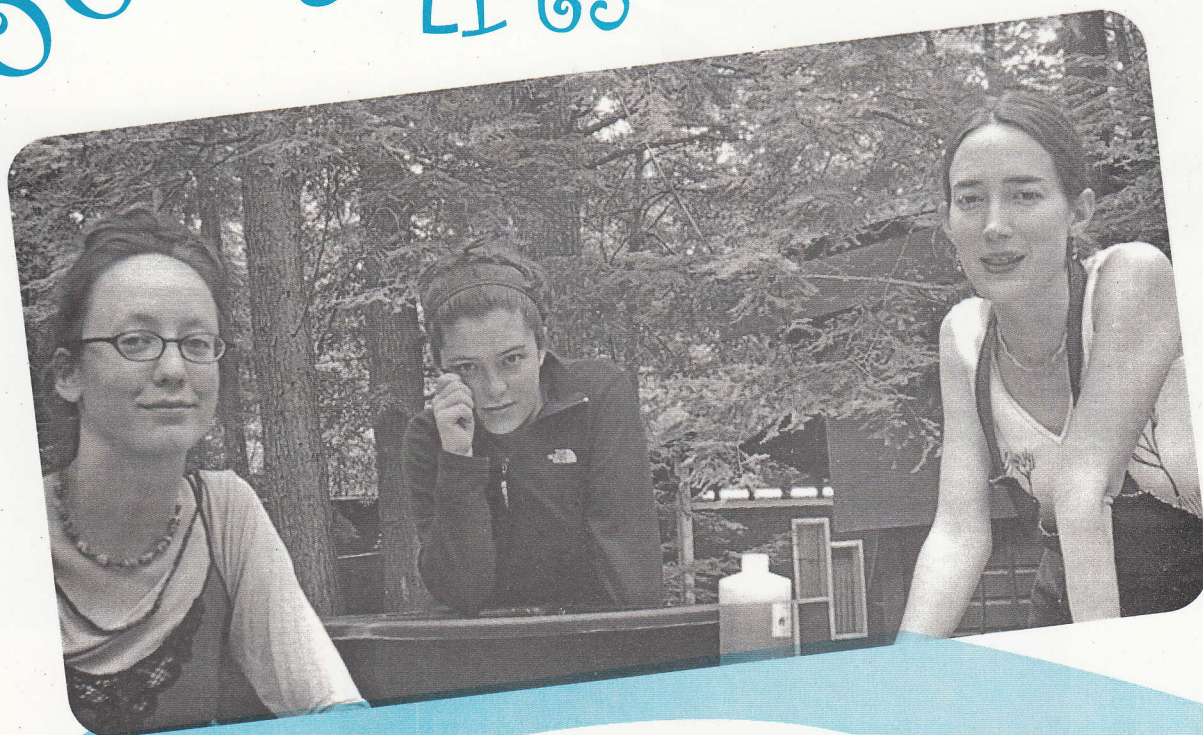
by Liz Newman

by Ben Ragen

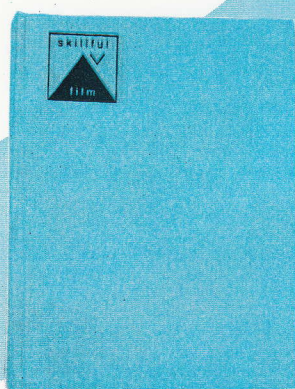


by Cristiana Formica

Book Arts



"Koo" book by Kate Blaustein



by JoJo Samuels

One sunny day, Schmay, a creature from yesterday, stumbled onto a tiny shop of the name Book Arts where silly, sticky, tricky books and such are made. Here he met a girl named Nay Nay who exclaimed, "I'm letterpressing on my checked red dress!" After that day, Schmay went to Book Arts every day to pay a friendly little visit to our beloved Nay Nay.

Staff:

Heidi Ganshaw
Jessica Richardson
Leah Moskowitz

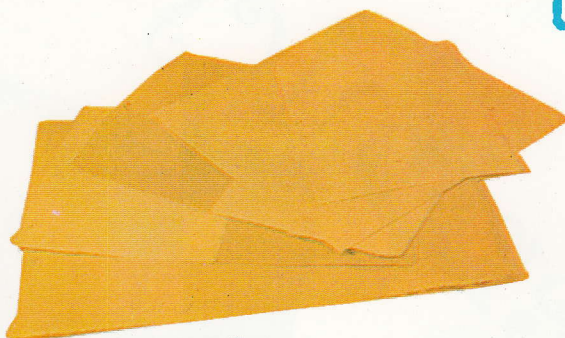
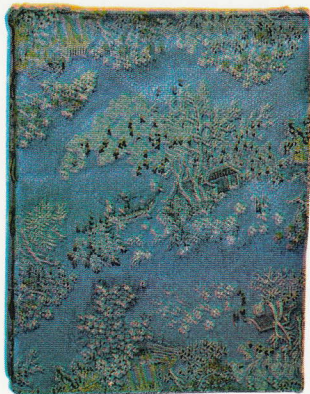


Helena Townsend

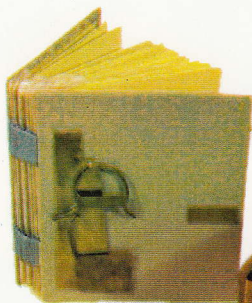


Nay Nay

by Koo



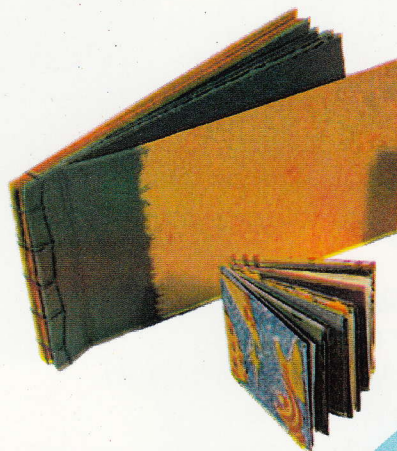
Collaborative Paper



by Bree Zucker



by Sarah Hoyer



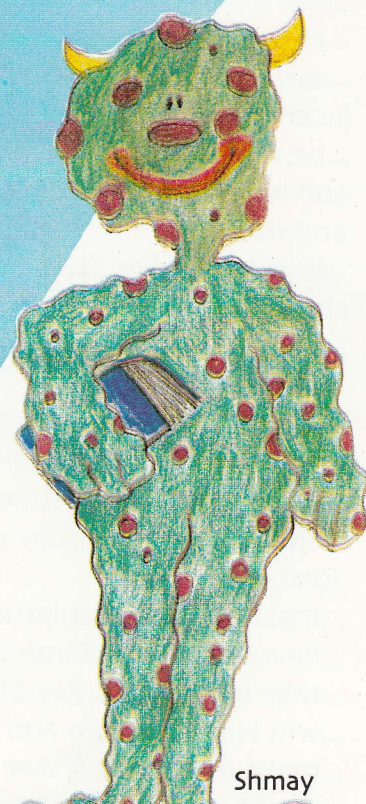
by Zoe Lubitz and Jocelyn Perldeiner



by JoJo Samuels



by Laura Staffaroni



Shmay

Ceramics



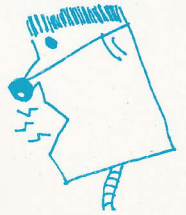
Most Likely To...

...be stealing our money: *Jobo*
 ...be covered in clay: *Gabe Kishnevski*
 ...be in ceramics: *Mike Levy*
 ...hang from the rafters: *Jon*
 ...be confused for a staff member: *Abby, Gabe, & Sarah*
 ...steal a gallon of our coffee: *Baigelman*
 ...not be motivated: *Alix*
 ...end up shoveling goat poop all afternoon: *Alix*
 ...ask someone to wedge clay for him: *Adam Katz*
 ...center the most clay (35 lbs and still going): *Ben*
 ...be walking around with his hands on his back hips
 and his glasses on the top of his head: *Fun time Bobby
and Jon*
 ...owe hard labor after causing chaos (you still owe us
 clay): *Scott Satkin*
 ...turn pulling a handle into something sexual: *Khrys*
 ...sleep in: *Max*
 ...ask to leave early: *Nicole*
 ...own 80s metal and dance party mixes: *Adam*
 ...wind up in an investment: *Frog & Mouse*
 ...end up on Top Ten by sabotage: *Jobo,
Jono, Adam, Jon*
 ...make an erotic sculpture: *Sarah Kreisel*
 ...never show up: *Sarah Goff*
 ...take the longest day off: *Sarah Goff*
 ...win Hotels: *Adam and Jon*
 ...make milk shakes: *Ben*

...be in debt for buying a blender (Ollie
 still wants his money): *Ben*
 ...have a fake cell phone: *Jono*
 ...ignore the Dr. Seuss theme: *Ceramics*
 ...work the hardest days, give it 110%, and
 be the hardest working shop in the rock:
Ceramics
 ...to think that the above statement is
 even remotely based on the truth:
Ceramics

The Crew:

Jon "Blabbermouth" Bridges
 Jono "Yes, that's a rubber ducky in my water" Robbins
 Khrys "I ain't no stinkin' potter" Scharf
 Adam "Because I like ice cream" Ellyson
 Sarah "I'll be back in a month" Goff
 Ben "The milkshake man" Kaufman (CIT)
 Nicole "Is this a good chunk?" Mayhew (CIT)
 Alix "Do I have to?" Dermer (CIT)
 Max "I didn't know I had to work" Stein (CIT)
 Jobo "THE MANager"



Look. Over there.



"Fire comes out of my hands."

"I'm sorry, I must have
the wrong number."



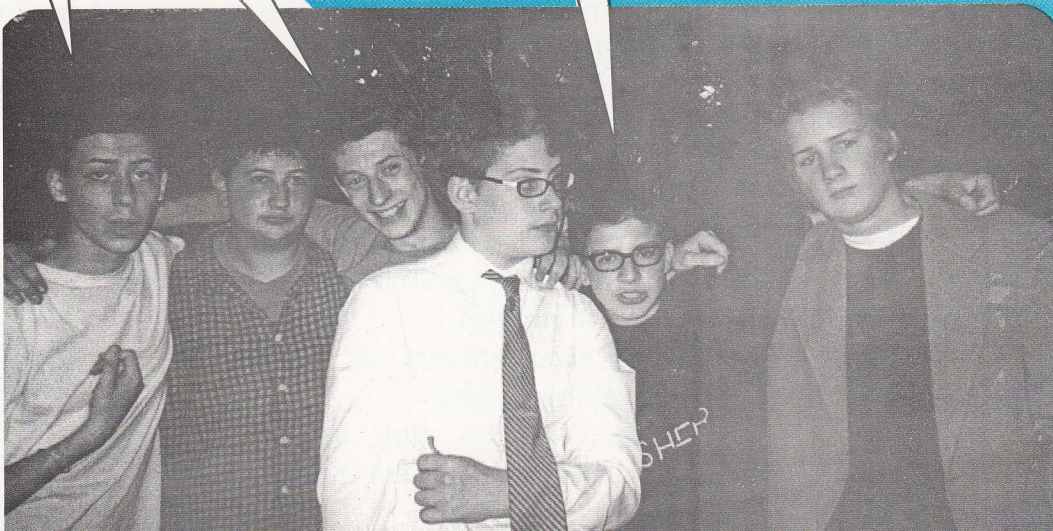
"URG... another hard day of work at the Clown Shop."



"If you didn't know us we might seem cliquish and mean."

"But once you meet us we're lovely..."

"... and highly intelligent."



Computers

Staff:

Ian Schleifer: Processor
Michele Weisblatt: Modem
Nat Budin: Monitor
David Glasser: Disk drive
Lauren Schneider: Mouse (CIT)
Matt Blaszczyński: Keeboard (CIT)
Ethan Feldman: Graphics card (CIT)



ASSEMBLY GUIDE FOR COMPUTER SHOP 2001

by David Glasser, Joshua Feintuch, and Ian Schleifer

1. Unwrap your Computer Shop 2001. Install three Linux boxes, four Windows machines, and several hundred books on subjects having little to do with what is taught at camp.
2. Get shop-head unit IAN-SCHLEIFER, available with either the "nose noise" option or the "sing entire musical" option.
3. Insert counselor MICHELE-WEISBLATT complete with web design capabilities. Upload to Pub.
4. Place JC-rank NAT-BUDIN in Blender; render. Query about games of ages past.
5. Insert DAVID-GLASSER into vacant slot; teach to him in one hour knowledge accumulated over four weeks.
6. Run LAUREN-SCHNEIDER, KEE, and ETHAN-FELDMAN model CITs. Attempt to track their whereabouts only to discover them taking multi-day "vacations" and sleeping during H&T.
7. Attempt to lure unsuspecting campers into H&T and workshops.
8. Grow excited as campers come to the shop; attempt to teach them Python, Blender,

multimedia systems. Wait for the inevitable "But how do I get on AOL?"

9. Tell campers not to play games in the computer shop.

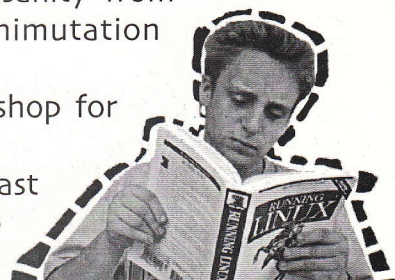
10. Fix 32,767 bugs in Joshua's *Transcendence* and Alex's *Fallen Alliances*. Watch campers cry as they attempt to bounce Ethan's sphere away from the blue squares. Beat Julian's *Trivia Monster* 69,105 times and receive a headache from hearing Joshua's *Monsterchase* the same number of times. Help Ariel brainstorm "useful" buttons such as the button which enables the button which makes a button which opens AIM.

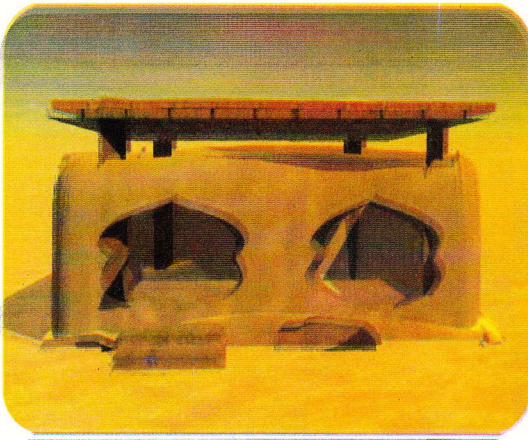
11. Remind campers not to play games in the computer shop.

12. Incur seizures and insanity from repeatedly watching Animation Flash movies.

13. Kick campers out of shop for playing games.

14. Close up shop, at least until the Theatre Shop insists that it be





by Lauren Schneider



by Joshua Feintuch

THE COMPUTER SHOP SONG

(We think you can figure out what tune this is to.)

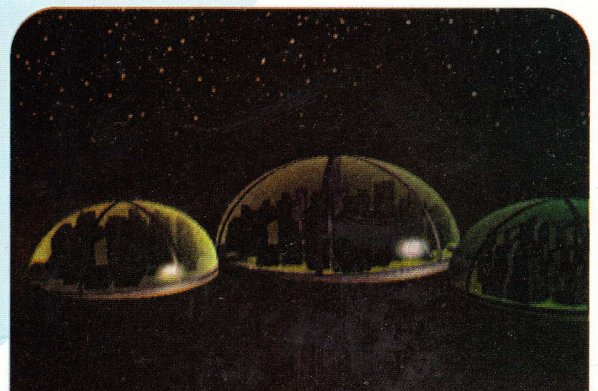
Buck's Rock Comp Shop Ninja Hackers
Buck's Rock Comp Shop Ninja Hackers
Buck's Rock Comp Shop Ninja Hackers
Hackers in a small shop
Blender power!

They're the camp's most fearsome coding team (We're really hip)
They're hackers in a small shop and they're keen (Hey - get a grip!)
When the Buck's Rock network goes black
These computer geeks make it come right back
Buck's Rock Comp Shop Ninja Hackers
Buck's Rock Comp Shop Ninja Hackers

Ian taught them to use the machines (He's a radical rat!)
David codes, Nat Budin renders scenes (That's a fact, Jack!)
Kee and Lauren are cool but rude (Gimme a break!)
Ethan Feldman is a party dude (Party!)

Buck's Rock Comp Shop Ninja Hackers
Buck's Rock Comp Shop Ninja Hackers
Buck's Rock Comp Shop Ninja Hackers
Hackers in a small shop
Python power!

by Kee Blaszczyński



Dance



A DAY IN THE LIFE:

9 am: Stretch class—of course, we don't fully function before ten!

10 am: Jazz class—waaaay too early for jazz!

11 am: Ballet—ev-er-y-thing aches!

Noon: Must rehearse my piece, only have eight counts so far!

2 pm: Pilates—why don't we call it what it is... torture!

3 pm: Modern—when will it ever end?

4 pm: Hip Hop—suddenly I'm trapped in an MTV video.

5 pm: Tap—who can hoof after a day like this?

6 pm: Rehearsal for psycho choreographer... but, then, that's all of them!

7 pm: Missed dinner. Eat ramen from bunk which makes me late for next rehearsal.

Staff:

Sonya Kuropatwa
Penny Beale
Dani Neff
Stephanie Klemons
Jill Vasbinder
Ben Nathan
Hana Liebowitz
Rachel Breckman (CIT)

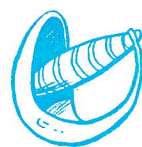


9 pm: Last rehearsal today! Yes!

10 pm: Jeez—make-up rehearsal with dancer who missed earlier rehearsal.

Put-to-bed: Rest for the weary... let's do it again tomorrow! Maybe I'll try yoga, improv, choreography, Irish step, perf. tech., or music collaboration! Oh yeah... showing! ARRGGGH!

Fencing



Staff

Jonathan Taylor

Once upon a time, beyond the studio of Dance and the shop of Clowns, beyond the 59th Studio and the laundry stand, in the shadow of Chicken Hill, lay a great marquee of green and white. It was simple to reach the marquee, provided that the traveller did not stray from the path... Evil always befell those who strayed from the path.

In this gaudy canvas edifice, could be found... Fencing. Is fencing the wooden barriers erected to separate fields? Is it the surreptitious act of selling stolen merchandice? Well, yes... but fencing at Buck's Rock wasn't about agricultural partitioning, and connections to the underworld have never been successfully proven.

This was fencing in an entirely different sense of the word. Fencing, the practice of swordsmanship. Fencing, a sport and an art all at once, hence its place at Buck's Rock. Fencing as a sport develops a person's aerobic and anaerobic fitness, and as an art, their co-ordination and grace. It can be appreciated for its visceral competition (i.e. stabbing and slashing your friends... or enemies) and for its elegance of form and finesse.

This year we have had a good few budding fencers, many of them called Elias or Daniel. ("Okay, lunge Eli." - "Errr... Which one of us do you mean?") They have brought a lot of variety to the sessions, from the maddeningly innovative (What if I spin around while I do that, or do it with a flying kick?) to the hopelessly confused (Wha?... Huh?... What are these clothes? Who are you people?), to the experienced, albeit with their strange American jargon ("Right, now with a circular parry." - "Huh?... Oh you mean a Counter-Parry Four!"). Thank you to everyone who came.

My ephemeral muse has abandoned me once again, and so I shall end here. Just to say that my favourite film is *The Princess Bride*, and you should be grateful that I resisted the urge to quote from it constantly.

KARATE



Vacationing from Mt. Olympus, after roaming the rough, tough and dangerous streets of a land far, far away (South Africa), and having been trained in the Arts of the Martial variety... Comes a legend. Famous for her brave defeat of lions, elephants and rhinos and now, here at BUCK'S ROCK, in order to pass on her knowledge and abilities to eager campers and staff, so that they may, too, know the force that is...



KARATE!

Hanging out more often than others at the tent are the Karate Tent Locals:

Richie "I can't keep time" Dunham, Irina "I miss my boyfriend" Radeva, George "I'm a lover, not a fighter" Keveson and Hanna "Nurse" Jagielska.

They arrive (almost) every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday morning to be given Boot-Camp like instructions on kata, fighting techniques, basic punches, kicks and blocks, as well as breathing techniques, stretching, self-defense and fighting to the death with light sabers.

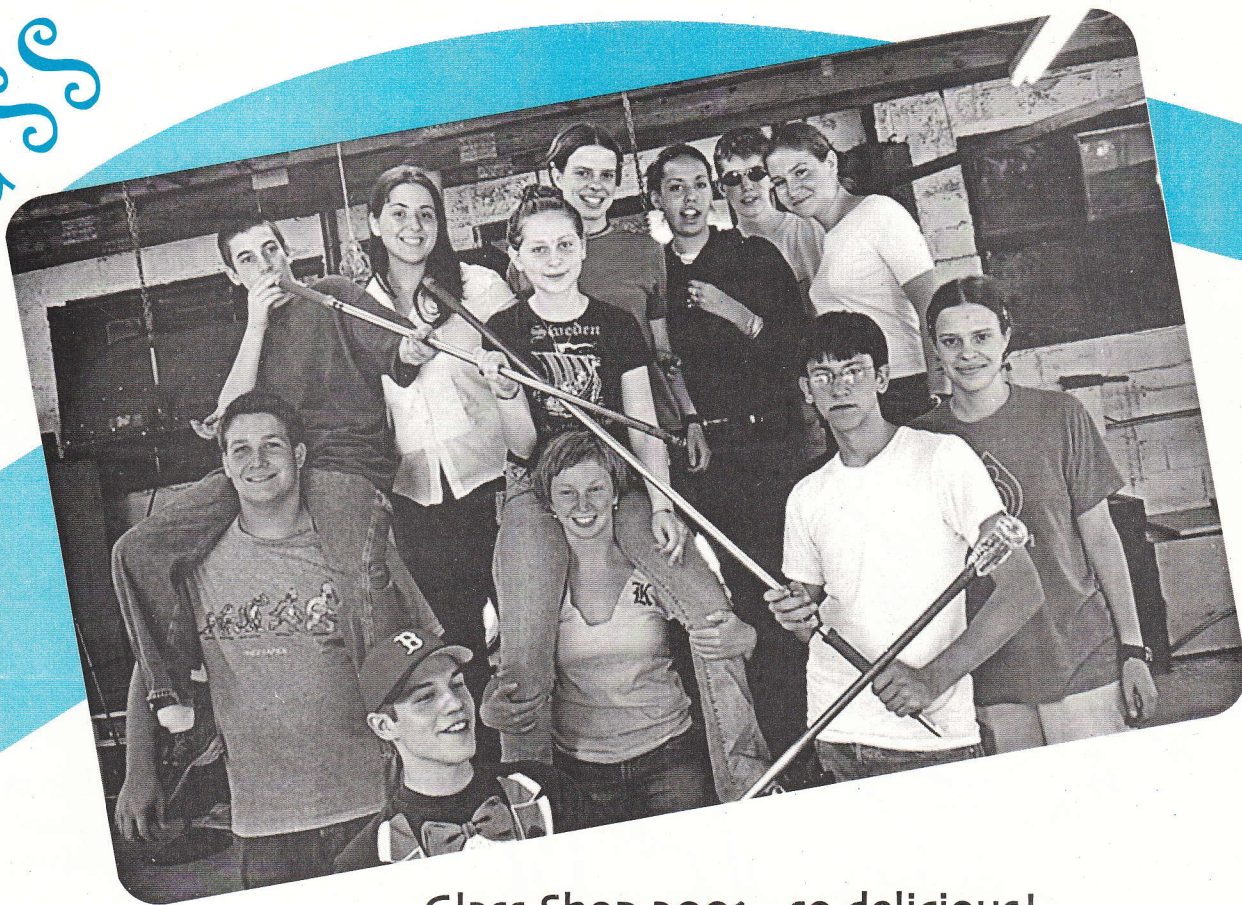
This is survival of the fittest (HELP!) where we dare to be great!

Wax On, Wax Off.

Staff

Melissa "I'm waaay too lazy for that" Faller

Glass



Glass Shop 2001 - so delicious!

(six hot chicks, one goofy rooster, five crazy eggs and a baigel)

Rise and shine Buck's Rock, "breakfast" will be served up at 8:30 am each morning for those dedicated campers eager to add glass to their daily diet.

The menu this summer consists of:

fire roasted cutlet (glass blowing)
 an assortment of muffins (casting)
 fallen souffles (slumping)
 and a savory grilled cheese (fusing).

Brought to you by the master glass "chefs":

Penny "I shot the sheriff" Rakov
 Elizabeth "Ladybug" Crawford
 Kelly "I got the next lesson" Casilio
 Alicia "No Kel, I've got the next lesson" Casilio
 Justin "All the ladies love me" Parisi-Smith
 Jessi "Mother Hen" Katz
 Alex "Mapp gas jack line" Bradspies
 Paul "Don't get me wet then" Arnhold (CIT)
 Aaron "Here comes my shimmy" Baigelman (CIT)
 Eve "Fancy panties" Bertin-Lang (CIT)
 Bobby "Blue shades" Gottfried (CIT)
 Danielle "Passive spice" Lipson (CIT)
 Scott "Singed hair" Satkin (CIT)

The specials are:

Chris DeMott's fine drop neck vase special,
 Nathan Howe candy cane pick-up,
 Kent Falls smoothie,
 Adam Ellyson spice bazaar,
 and Uncle Joe Upham's upside down
 cake.

Overall, a nutritious and
 delicious summer for all.



by Lorin Silverman



by Stefan Byrd-Krueger



by Ben Kaufman



by Josh Caust-Ellenbogen



by Oliver Hulland



Leather



Staff:

Veronica Bear
Morgan Dack



by Rachel Heller



by Alexa Gould

When you have time to bide
come right inside
to a place where there's no "pleather"
for it's the real McCoy
and not a ploy
in the shop we call Leather.

- Alex Cowen



by Eric Schleien



by Daniela Mass



by Becky Asch



by Laura Staffaroni



by Jocelyn Miller

Far, far away, at the other end of camp,
lived a tennis coach (Carmel) and
a CIT (Daryl) who was the tennis champ.
They thought their summer would consist of
relaxing in the sun,
sipping iced water in the shade,
chatting and having fun.

But no, there were children, and it was
tennis they wished to learn.
Backhands, forehands and serves,
in the sun all day, their bodies just
waiting to burn.
"I say," said Jake from Boys House Down,
"I must challenge and defeat your CIT."
And so he did and won the crown.

Tennis

Next the princesses Kimera and Ari from Girls Annex 1, came to
tennis, not to improve their form, but to giggle, laugh, and have fun.
Then the two Matts, to the tennis courts they would arrive, have a
game, win a few, and proceed to do a victory jive.

Jill, Laura, and Chantal took The Airhead Challenge
and through sweat and pain,
received their candy prize.

Thus they did not return to tennis again.
Danny was in the Forum play,
until he had rehearsals,
He would play tennis night and day.
Then there was Hannah, with her
baseball swing,
and when she got it right, she began to sing.
Rosie was a champ, she played all day,

But when it was time to practice serves,
"Noo, I hate that," she would say.
Zoe was the first girl to win an Airhead.
She continued to train everyday,
until she was almost dead.
Jeremy practiced and became quite good.
He didn't think he'd ever be talented,
but we knew he would.
Alex is our tennis star,

He plays Daryl everyday.
If he keeps going, he may win a car.
Portia is the next Venus Williams.
We think she's cool,
and may one day make millions.
Pete Sampras is what we call Scott.
Just like the others,
we reckon he can win a lot.
Jason came & tried new things,

He never gives up.
We think he's a king.
Eli is trying out for his tennis team.
We think he'll make it,
'Cos he's funny, not mean.
Josh we love & know from
last year,
but he never played.
This year he does so we cheer.
Finally Jordan, we think he's neat.
He's getting better everyday,
soon he'll be difficult to beat.
So that is the crew, we've had fun,

Staff:

Carmel Rovere
Daryl Caggiano (CIT)

love - Daryl & Carmel

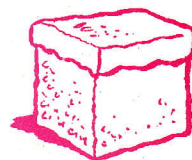
Lunch Gong



"Art is not work, but it's not really
play either. It's sort of a higher form of both."

- Buck's Rock alumnus Dan Seidan
(from a 1993 interview by Jeffrey Paul Bobrick)

Kitchen



White Cake

24 lb white sugar
8 lb shortening
20 lb cake flour
1 lb baking powder
6 qt water
6 qt eggs



Mix together white sugar and shortening, add cake flour and baking powder. Mix all dry ingredients together. Slowly add a mixture of water and eggs

Add salt, vanilla flavour, lemon flavour, and butter extract to taste.

Bake at 350 degrees until golden brown.

Staff

Helene Schneider
David Schneider
Ben Yomtov
Derrick Bain
Magdalena Borowska
Vladislav Budos
Milica Dankova
Ian Gittins
Marek Glatz
Monika Grzegorzokka
Tomas Hajek
Tatiana Hlouskova
Juraj Hutyrá
Stépán Kern
Miroslava Kopecka
Pavel Krizan
Irina Kroutchnova
Marek Kucka
Evelina Mamoreva
Agnieszka Porowska
Terezia Tarasova
Bronislava Vselkova



Bac



Hello and welcome to the gobbledigookiness world of radio at WBBC. I am Limeon and I live here 24 hours a day, 7 days a week. I am a sofa, a couch if u must. Sitting here I see hundreds of people, young and old, performing on the radio. I hear so much music: the Beatles, N*sync, Rush, as well as news and sports. Yep, there is no doubt that I am the scroggiest (coolest) sofa in camp. Of course, I shan't forget those who sit on me.

Note: I am a sofa, not a professor, so all of the words are made up, or in sofa-talk, bacchhed.

Staff:

Damian "gobblegoogoo" Lee
 Roger "slazzerwalk" Bailey
 Jeremy "klop" Klopman (CIT)

Campers:

Alex "klangabanga" Weprin
 Josh "sluggabugga" Benjaman
 Sam "kindär" Budin
 Ali "lemmingnarc" Millard
 George "monkeymumrapratt" Keveson
 WBBC "Sports" - Milocovich
Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy -
 bomberbeezele

Feeling lost?

Well, we are the guidance team, here to tell you our guidance dream...

- AM - 1) Guidance team served breakfast in bed by willing campers.
2) Campers hurry off to complete their many works in progress in shops.
3) No one gets lost on the way.
4) Guidance team retires to the spa for a morning of relaxation and waiter service.
5) Buffet lunch is served with lashings of ginger beer.
- PM - 6) No ludicrous questions asked by campers such as- Is the mail in yet? (or at least just once a day!) and... How long is rest hour? (Yes, this was asked!).
7) Campers return unasked and eager to their various works of genius and effort.
8) Guidance team are chauffeured to Club Getaway for bonding games and training in how to refine our 'boot camp' counseling skills.
9) Guidance team returns to serene, candlelit dining hall where all campers eat quietly in the corner.
10) All campers participate in diverse yet entertaining evening activities while guidance team create spontaneous masterpieces in shops.
11) Campers thank guidance team for their patience and care while they are lulled to sleep by the put to bed gong.
12) Guidance team served hot cocoa by appreciative Mickey and Laura.
13) PARTY!!!

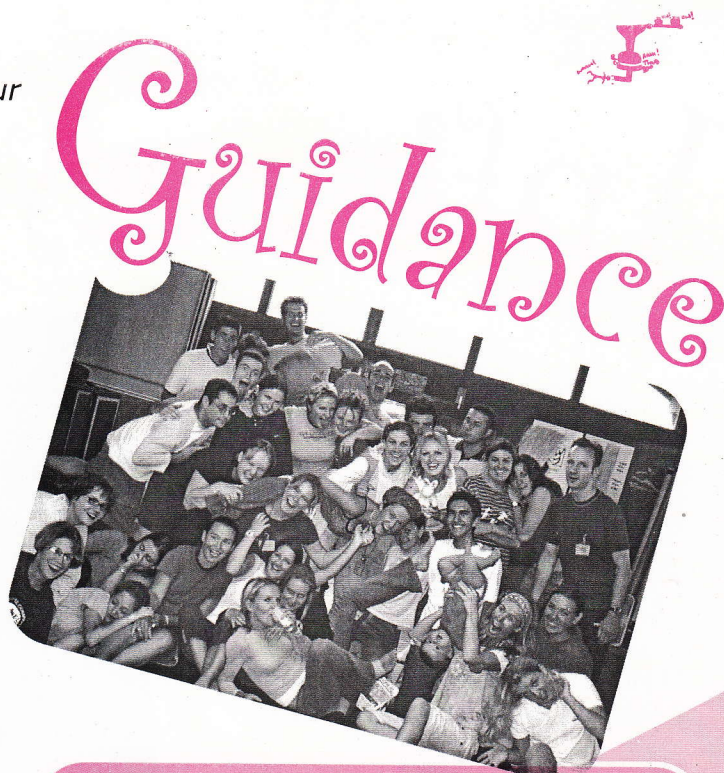
In reality of course
We all go hoarse
With a wake up call
That scares us all

From Michael "get the @#&! out of bed" Bendib.

One thing that's true
Is that we are the glue
Binding Buck's Rock
Like a foot in a sock

Without us the shops would be empty.

Ludicrous questions last long
Yet the porch rule holds strong
The gong will ring in our ears for years
So escape to the woods in tears for fears



GUIDANCE TEAM 2001:

Michael "Get the @#&! out of bed" Bendib-(BC)
Marc "Blonde Ambition" Lifland-(BC)
David "I would, would you?" Rice-(BC)
Michael "Scissors, Paper, Stone" Hall-(BA)
Nick "I'm just off to art" Cheeseman-(BA)
Chris "Throw a bowl" Mole-(BA)
Steve "I'm going camping" Norminton-(BHU)
Chris "Tetley" Kelly-(BHU)
Jamie "I've been on Crimestoppers" Rowsell-(BHD)
Stuart "Dr. Seuss" Pursell- (BHD)
Marion "Rose (Golden Girl)" Lawler-(GHU)
Liz "Have a nice" Day-(GHU)
Nushka "Right doin' me head in" Bills -(GHD)
Quinn "Dorothy (Golden Girl)" Connelly-(GHD)
Caitlin "Americano" Foley-(GAC)
Alicia "Australia" Brown-(GAC)
Eva "Dutchy" Ten Kate-(GAC)
DJ "The Milf" Larkin-(GA1)
Jade "Lyme no Vodka" Maxwell Newton-(GA1)
Carmel "Buttercup" Rovere-(GA1)
George "Rock Star" Lazarus-(GA2)
Erica "Dirty Sanchez" Colyer-(GA2)
Lucy "Little Mouse" Smith-(GA2)
Cat "D'you wanna see my nipples?" Thompson-(GC)
Justyna "Justice" Stawiak-(GC)
Adrienne "Wootin" Lloyd-(GC)
Jule "Skunk the Stalker" Wilson-(GT1)
Melissa "Goddess Greenfall" Faller-(GT1)
Meredith "Dude" Hamm-(GT1)
Wiley "Wax on, Wax off" Bowen-(GT1)
Helena "Blanche (Golden Girl)" Townsend-(GT2)
Isobel "Swedish Salsa" Melgarejo-(GT2)
Bridgette "How big's Amy?" Cashmore-Hingley-(GT2)
Johanna "Stressless" Silverman-(CIT/Counselors in Trauma)

Buck's Rock Nurses Body and Fender Shop

Could we fix you with some ice?
Could we fix you once or thrice?
Fix your body?
Fix your fender?
We can fix them twice as nice!

Need a paint job?
Got some dents?
Got the meds for
Ladies and gents.

Don't you worry!
Don't you fret!
Buck's Rock Nurses
Get you set

I do not like black hurts
or blue!

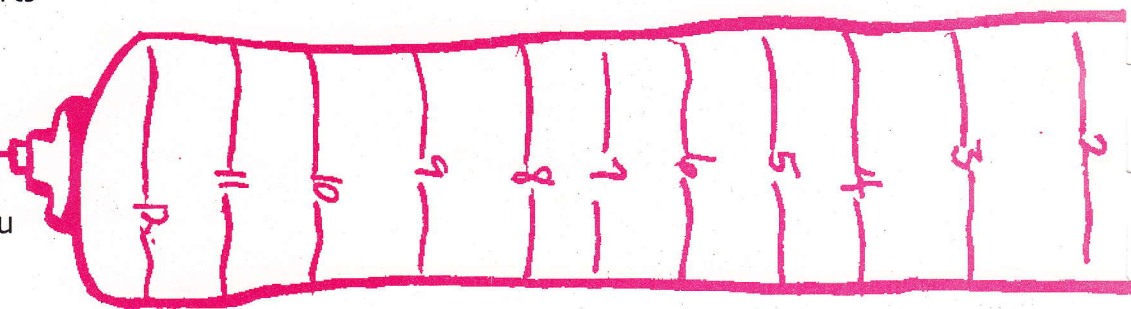
I do not like them
ice packs, Oooh!

Would you, could you
with a hurt?
Go to the infirmary
with some dirt?
With your funky toes
you'll find,
the nurses will be
ever so kind.

Have a seat,
your meds and water.
Milk and Cereal



One splinter
Two splinters
Red splinters
Blue splinters



Nurses:
Head Nurse - Tracy Formica
Nurse - Denyce Glover
Nurses Assistant - Bubby Cohen
Nurses assistant - Hannah Jagielska

Office



OFFICE: THE RED FILE



The following documents were recently discovered in the front office's Top Secret "red file" by an anonymous informant whose name has been concealed to protect the innocent.

Haikus by Anita

The window is shut.
The sign screams, "Office is closed!"
Why do you still come?

I will call their names
Let the children come to me,
UPS for all!

The lotus, one notes,
Is often overzealous.
So am I. So what?

A Shopper's Stream-of-Consciousness Rant by Rita

sale sale sale i feel the pain of my sore feet crying out for relief but I MUST SHOP. i am THE SHOPPER and i know my mission, it is the sale, the sale, the sale at radio shack, batteries and flashlights for kids without the foresight to bring their own to camp, cables for maintenance, light bulbs for LSD and LSD for allen ginsberg who never had to relentlessly pursue the sale the sale the sale. kerouac traveled on the road but i travel to kmart, for I MUST SHOP for kids who scrutinize the difference between shampoo brands, between "dry and damaged" and "dry and flaky," between "freesia" and "summer rain." i am blinded by conditioners, i am overwhelmed by liquid soap. and always in the end i must conclude my search for the sale the sale the sale, to return to the office, to put down my parcels and rest.

P.A.-P.M.S. by Kendra

well i suppose i have to say something
because i am testing the PA system again
Rob, i will make you sorry
nobody understands me
nobody knows what it's like
to be stuck behind the glass
like a fish in a bowl...
ok, an air-conditioned bowl,
but still a prison
full of ringing phones and work to do.
i am so misunderstood.
oh man.
when i get out of here,
i'm going to run through the forest screaming,
but first i'm going to blow up the PA system,
once and for all.
no, first i'm going to steal a car
and park it in the handicapped spot.
so there, Rob!

Bookkeeper's Lament by Harriet

I balance books
I don't know why
Sometimes I think
The numbers lie
I fear I'll count them
'Til I die
What's that? An error?
It was not I!

Don Pudell - Rita Pudell - Harriet
Yomtov - Anita Dupree - Kendra Levin -
Bev Canapari - Janine Dupree

Canteen



"Greg Smith, get out of the freezer," could be heard at the canteen daily as Greg would hop over the freezer wall with white ice chips hanging from his hair. The canteen this year was full of new experiences and surprises. Yes we just got Cherry Garcia, Andy Lees, but we still don't have Beaver On a Stick, Max Miller, but we do have these new drinks, candies, and ice creams: Sour Skittles, Chaco Taco, Snickers Ice Cream (Blake Rosen's new favorite replacing the Reese's Ice Cream bar), Minute Maid Frozen Lemonade/Cherry, and apple juice.

The question of the summer to most of the canteen workers: "What is in those boxes above the staff window?" The new board game replacing last year's favorite (Monopoly) is the infamous Hotels. Steve Dicke and Matt Thurm both bought themselves their own, Thurm saying he would never play Monopoly again.

Every week, the Ben and Jerry's truck drove steadily down the driveway while the office people announced over and over again, "Steve Dicke to the canteen immediately!" Yet, every week, at eleven o'clock, Steve always had an excuse: I'm sleeping, I'm getting four teeth pulled, I'm sleeping, I'm taking a shower, etc. The office would respond over the PA, "Steve, if you're in the shower just put a towel on and get down here!"

Then, there was another time the truck driver was asked by the radio staff to do an interview on WBBC. When the Coke truck came the question was asked: "How much more Cherry Coke?"

And, as for the survey, twelve said yes and fifteen said no... While we're looking for a new ice cream boy, the summer ends. We hope to see all of you next year.

Staff:

Steve Dicke
Tobias Wasser (CIT)
Mike Wellman (CITIT)
Matt Thurm
Blake Rosen
Richard Ledley
Ben Folit-Weinberg
Matt McGory
Jon Baruc
Caleb Wasser
Sarah O'Brien



Pool



The
three brave, smart and
well-muscled lifeguards are:

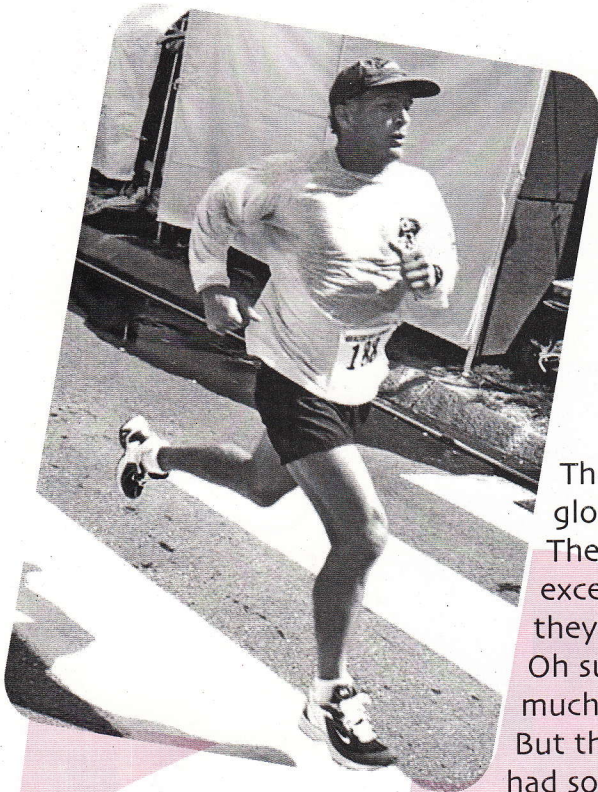
Anna Klos
Monika Lech
Kabelo Motaung

The cool pool!!!!!!!!!!

If it is a really hot afternoon and you are sweating even while in the shade, where would you head to cool down? Of course... to Buck Rock's cool pool!!! The oasis of calm, the "mekka" for all people tortured by the heat, the pool with its unique atmosphere provides you with pleasures of a refreshing swim every day. The variety of activities performed at the pool is unbelievable. Swimming, jumping into the water, playing your favorite "chicken fight" or "Marco! Polo!", splashing each other — this gives you only a small idea of what the pool really is. What's more, everything is accompanied by the rhythm of cheerful music coming from our indispensable pool radio. And guess what? Three brave, smart, well-muscled and a little bit sunburned lifeguards are always there for you, not only to pick up stones and frogs from the pool, but also to make sure you will come out of the water safe and sound.

So come by the pool — this place really rocks the world!!!!
See U soons, baboons!!!!!!

New Milford 8



The sun came up on that
glorious day.
The runners were ready
except for Warren,
they say.
Oh sure, he had trained as
much as last year,
But this year it seemed he
had something to fear.

The fear that he had was a runner named Chris,
Who'd been told that running brought
nothing but bliss.

With bunny ears flopping, Chris ran 'round the bend
The bliss came alright with a "ter" on the end.
But he wasn't the only one dealing with pain-
Mr. Boas, it seems, was nearly insane,
And his hopes for a bathroom were
starting to wane.

Stépán and Natasha met up in the race,
And the two of them finished at just
the same pace.

A little while later
David came through
Along with young Steven
in those god-awful shoes.
"Why should my legs be
tired?" David had said,
But Steve did not hear him
with those phones
on his head.

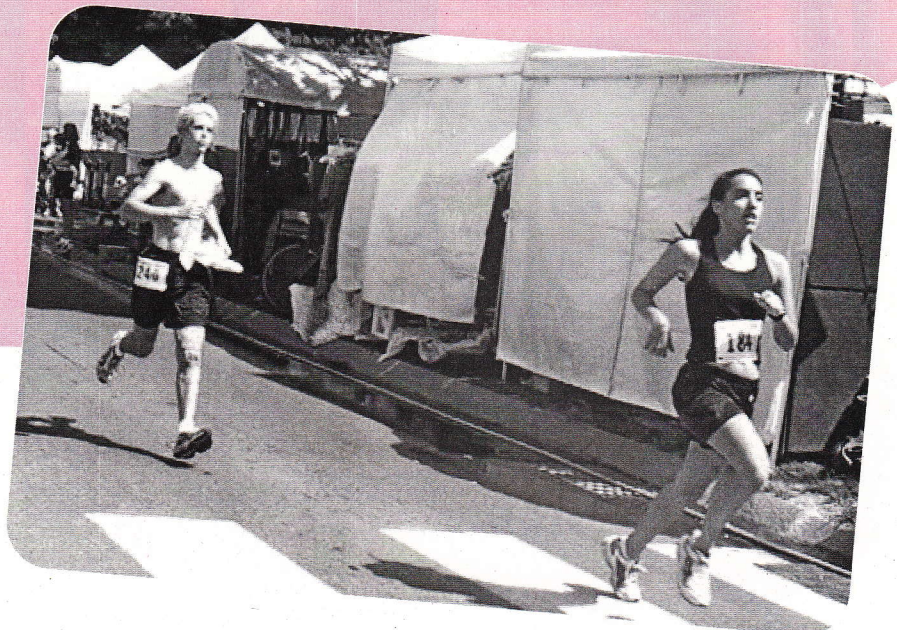
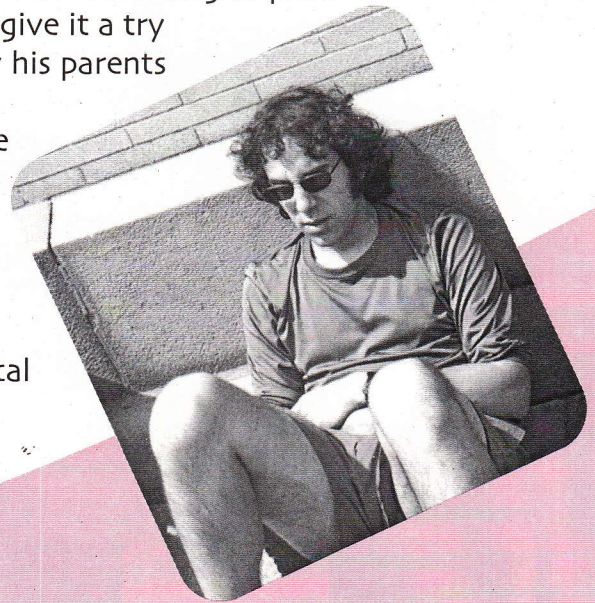
Jamie ran faster by
more than a little,
We also should mention
she plays a mean fiddle.



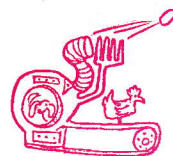


Third in her class she won a nice sweater,
Every year she gets better and better.
DJ and Alicia had respect for the hill,
They did not get scared and they never stood still.
In the end they were really quite pleased with the run,
They might even run it again just for fun.
"Yes! Running is fun!" said Jonathan Bandit,
"I thought about entering but just couldn't stand it."
So he fastened a fake number there at his waist
And ran the whole course with plenty of haste.
Tomas said, "I'll run it to show that I can,
But I'm really more interested in getting a tan."
He was hoping they'd serve him a snack while he ran,
But everything else went according to plan.
The only camper to give it a try
Was Owen and only his parents
know why,
But knowing how he

did I'll venture a guess
He considers the race
a total success.
Bob ran it again but we've
come to expect it
But who thought his musical
taste so eclectic!



Animal Farm



Welcome to the Animal (or "Aminal") Farm. Most people think that AF is a quiet little place where not much goes on. That is what it would be. Those familiar with the intimate running of the place would remember fondly (and... less fondly) the birth of the calf, the always impending but never actually happening birth of the baby bunnies, the escape of the piglets, the slitting of, well, everyone's wrists by the Big Rabbits, and The Great Chicken Roundup.

But it is not the nature of the bold AF counselors, CITs-er, CIT (there's only one) and campers (we prefer "CITIT") to shy from danger, annoyance, or near-certain death. Even a misprint can't hurt us, and little rabbits with razor-sharp claws, very strong legs, and bad tempers? You're joking! Fact is, we really do enjoy the place (when it's quiet...) and we're sure you would too. Just... watch out for the goat kids – Woody and Yummy will do anything for attention. Anything. While you're at it, beware of the chickens, pigs, cows, and guineafowl. And the bunn-argh! Get off me, you evil rodent help help help save me aaaaaahh!

Staff:

Aileen "I'm the boss!" Robbie

Tanya "No you're not!" van der Made

Jason "Don't pee on my house!" McCormick

Kate "Be in my dance? Pretty please?" Blaustein (CIT)

Joanna "Hydrogen peroxide, please!" Rifkin (CITIT)

Sarah "Don't touch my bunny!" Elswit (CITIT)

Jeff "But I like hitting chickens!" Festa (CITIT)

This article made possible by:

Dandelion, Clover, Dusty, Silver, Natasha, Lily, Hazel, and of course, Shoe Bunny.

Our thanks also go out to:

Rudy (RIP), Alec, Wisp, Spotty, Zoë, Swirly, Oreo, Cocoa, Snowflake, Custard, Ollie, Woody, and Yummy.



Pioneering

Would you, could you pioneer?
 Would you, could you, in fifth gear?
 I would not, could not seem to steer,
 I would not, could not, with a deer.

Would you, could you, pionose?
 Would you, could you, with a hose?
 I would not, could not, I don't suppose,
 I would not, could not, in pantyhose.

Would you, 'could you, pioneeyes?
 Would you, could you, apple pies?
 I would not, could not eat orange flies,
 I would not, could not, in disguise.

Would you, could you, pionchin?
 Would you, could you, without a tin?
 I would not, could not, in a chilly bin,
 I would not, could not even begin.

Would you, could you, piontooth?
 Would you, could you, in your youth?
 I would not, could not be uncouth,
 I would not, could not tell the truth.

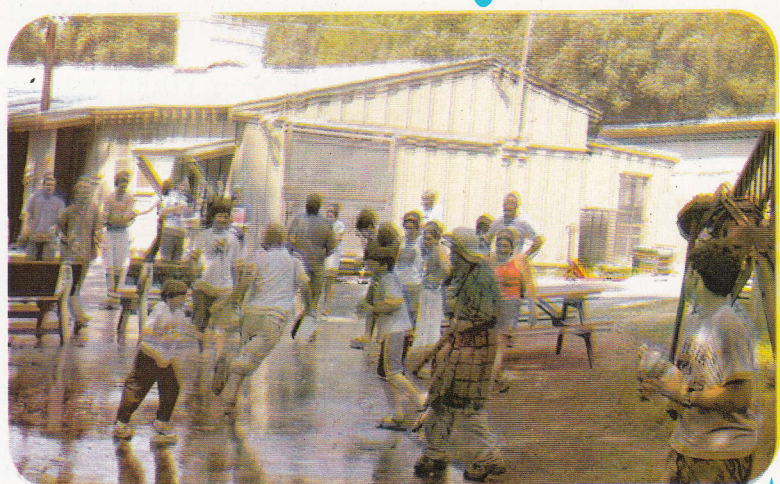
— Catherine Noble

Staff:

Catherine Noble
 Jonathan Taylor

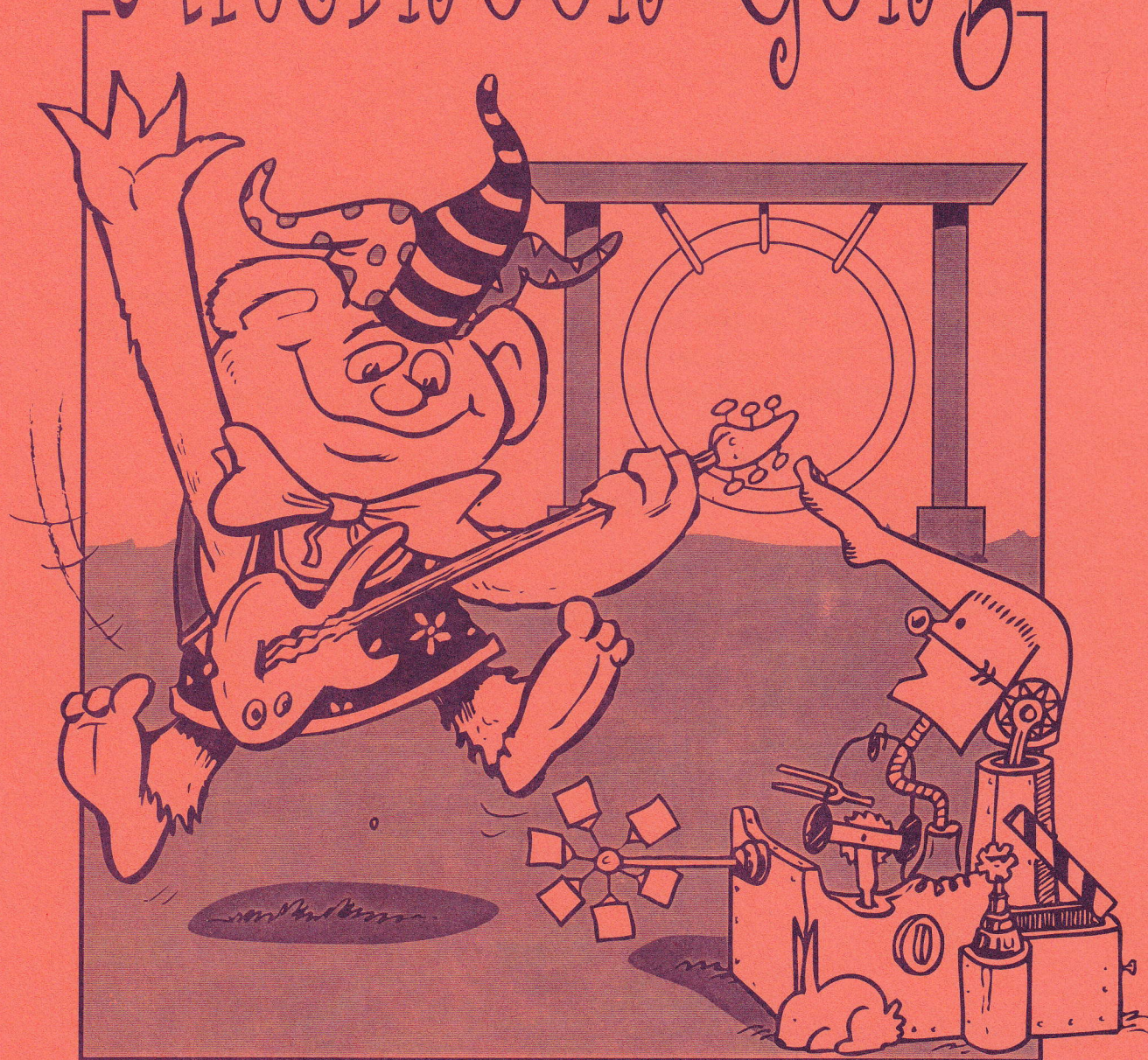
The Water Fight

August 7th 2001



photos by Ben Robertson

Afternoon Gong



"Ernst was obviously a man of great intellect and ability who could have achieved anything he wanted to do with his life. Rather than making as much money as possible, or becoming as famous as possible, Ernst used his talents and dedicated his life to doing something positive for others."

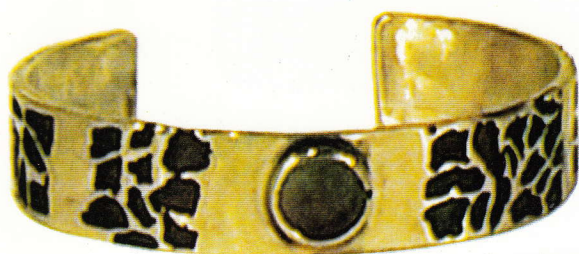
- Buck's Rock alumna Erika Blumberg
(from the official Buck's Rock Message Board, 2001)



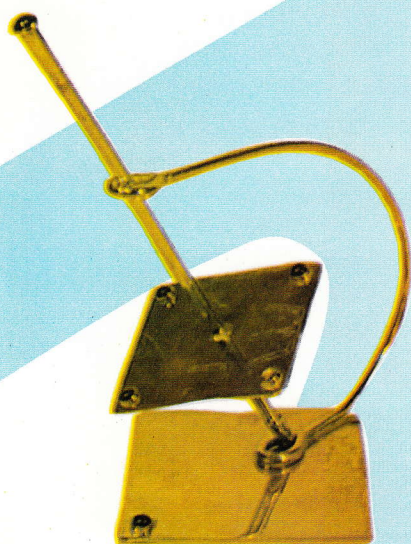
by Ollie Hulland



by Elias Hertz



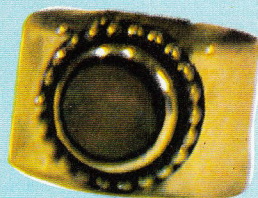
by Alex Cowen



by Sara Kreisel



by Ollie Hulland



Mashed



Oh the places you'll go
Like up to the shed
With a song in your heart
And a brain in your head

Oh the fun that you'll have
As you play and you sing
The music you make
Will pleasantly ring

As you sing some dom songs
With a bing, bum bum plink,
Not a day will go by
That a person won't think,

"My, what are those sounds
that come from above?
they sound quite as though
they are made from pure love"

and they couldn't be rightier
you're great, you're a star!
And the music shed's where
You became what you are

with jazz and orchestral
with rock and with choral
we've got everything covered

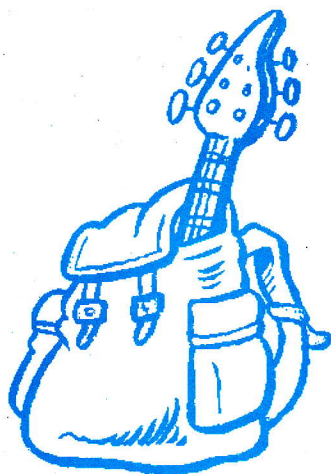
Music Shed Staff:

Bruce Smith
Erika Blumberg
Fred Rosenberg
Deb Spohnheimer
Cidalia Alves
Jack Barnes
Myq Kaplan
Mike Radosh
Mark Snowden
Paul Lamarche
Adrienne Lloyd
Eva Ten Kate
Erica Colyer
Rachel Berman
Jonah Rabinowitz-Buchanan
Emily Weiner
Jamie Davidson
Adrienne Silver (CIT)
Zander Ebin (CIT)
Matyas Stahl (CIT)
Alexondra Ambrosini (CIT)

Guitar Snack



Items to pack in your 'guitar snack' pack:



- * G, C, and D
- * A basic book of polka song structure
- * A calculator that goes up to eleven
- * G, C, and D
- * A harmonica in G
- * Bm
- * A
- * 1 electric 5-string bass that can never be too loud
- * G, C, and D
- * One pair of tap shoes

Love us do because, with or without you, we have been hangin' around so happy together for everyone's satisfaction all summer, including elderly women behind counters in small towns, and their daughters while playing our six string wild things and free falling in love with the ones we were with on the porch all summer!

Guitar snack slogans:

Guitar snack: "It's not just for breakfast any more..."

"Any song can work as a polka."

"It's a pentatonic thing..."

"How many times..."

"We haven't done Free Falling in a while."

"Good night, New Yo... I mean, Milford."

Music Shed Staff:

Paul Lamarche
Myq Kaplan
Jonah Rabinowitz-Buchanan
Ivan Rubenstein-Gillis

Studio 59



There have been a lot of changes in Studio 59 from last summer. First of all, there are three new staff members, Pedro Pachano, Emery Roth, and Dyfan Evans, and me, the CIT, Rob Kissner. Despite the new staff, all the equipment has remained the same. So, as you may imagine, we ran into a whole world of problems at the beginning of camp figuring out all of the sonic connections.



The new staff has been really great and me, the CIT, very helpful (especially in getting cookies and juice at snack). Pedro, Emery and Dyfan have worked very well with all of the campers that have been in and out of the studio. Of course, the studio had some regulars such as T-Rock/Funk (Travis Bacon), Madeleine McMillan, yours truly (Rob Kissner) and Peter Stern, Alexis Schuster and many others too numerous to mention.

Almost every day of the summer, the studio was filled with either campers recording, in the studio for the air conditioning or with a squirrel or two trying to grab some cookies. All of us had a great summer and we are all looking forward to the summer of 2002.

Staff:

Pedro Pachano
Emery Roth
Dyfan Evans
Rob Kissner (CIT)

The Drum Shed

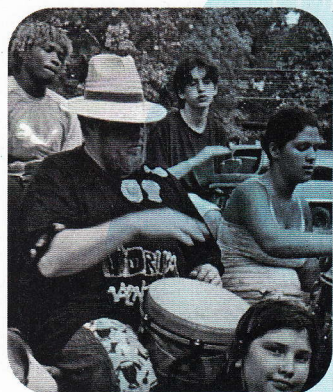
The Drum – the Shed – the BOOM – the BOP !

Funk – *alternative* – rap 'N rock

A "cool" place to be out of the sun,
Hangin' with friends, havin' some fun.

Hands and fingers, *thumbs and feet,*

Jumpin' rhythms, *pulsating beats,*



Fuzz tone, wawa, amps, guitars,

Crashing cymbals, buzzing snares,

Primal tom - toms

Bombs on bass,

Honing chops or in your face,

Boom-chucka-ding-dong-clink-smash – space

The DRUM SHED is a happening PLACE ! ! ! ! !

DRUMMING AT THE ROCK

Supper.over.gather.rock.Drum.Run.participate.hesitate.Fear.dumb.

Dive in.unrehearsed.conbubulation.seated.stone.not alone.

"BOOM-BAH-BAY".SAY & PLAY. MAGICAL MOMENTS & OFF.

Foreign lands: Sizzling rhythms,dancing feet. Unknown

Places.Deep within.DISCOVERING.music. in their skins.ages

Old.used to heal.shaman chants. Sage's accompaniments.celebrations.

Natural highs. spirited elation&connection.self with others.

Support;community. Listening.creativity.

The truth not talk,

A gift each had right from

The start was the first DRUM

HEARD, their Mothers'



Hearts. So keep your own

"Rhythmic Me" and make

your own music because you

see *everything is a DRUM and.....*

WE ALL ARE DRUMMERS NATURALLY.

Staff:

Jack Barnes

A village without music is a dead place.

PASS



At nine am, Jen, Jason, David and Mikaela open the shop while I prepare for the long day ahead. I am the Squeegee.

P.A.S.S.'s ever faithful groupie Eli comes in seconds later to help out around the shop. Four campers come into the shop at nine-thirty to print "Doug Moss is Irish" shirts. Alas, they need me. Jason demonstrates my crucial role in the silkscreening process, while Mikaela cuts newsprint. Once I finish printing, the campers clean me in the sink and put me on the squeegee rack, with my friends.

Around ten am, Nick moseys into the shop with a toothbrush in his mouth. Jason, David and I pose for a quick photo shoot, with Jen and Sam in the background practicing their model poses. Soon after, I am needed to make a "Kiss Me, I'm ~~Hi~~ Jewish" t-shirt. I am cleaned again, but Mikaela insists that the camper must wash me again when she finds traces of red ink on me.

Staff:

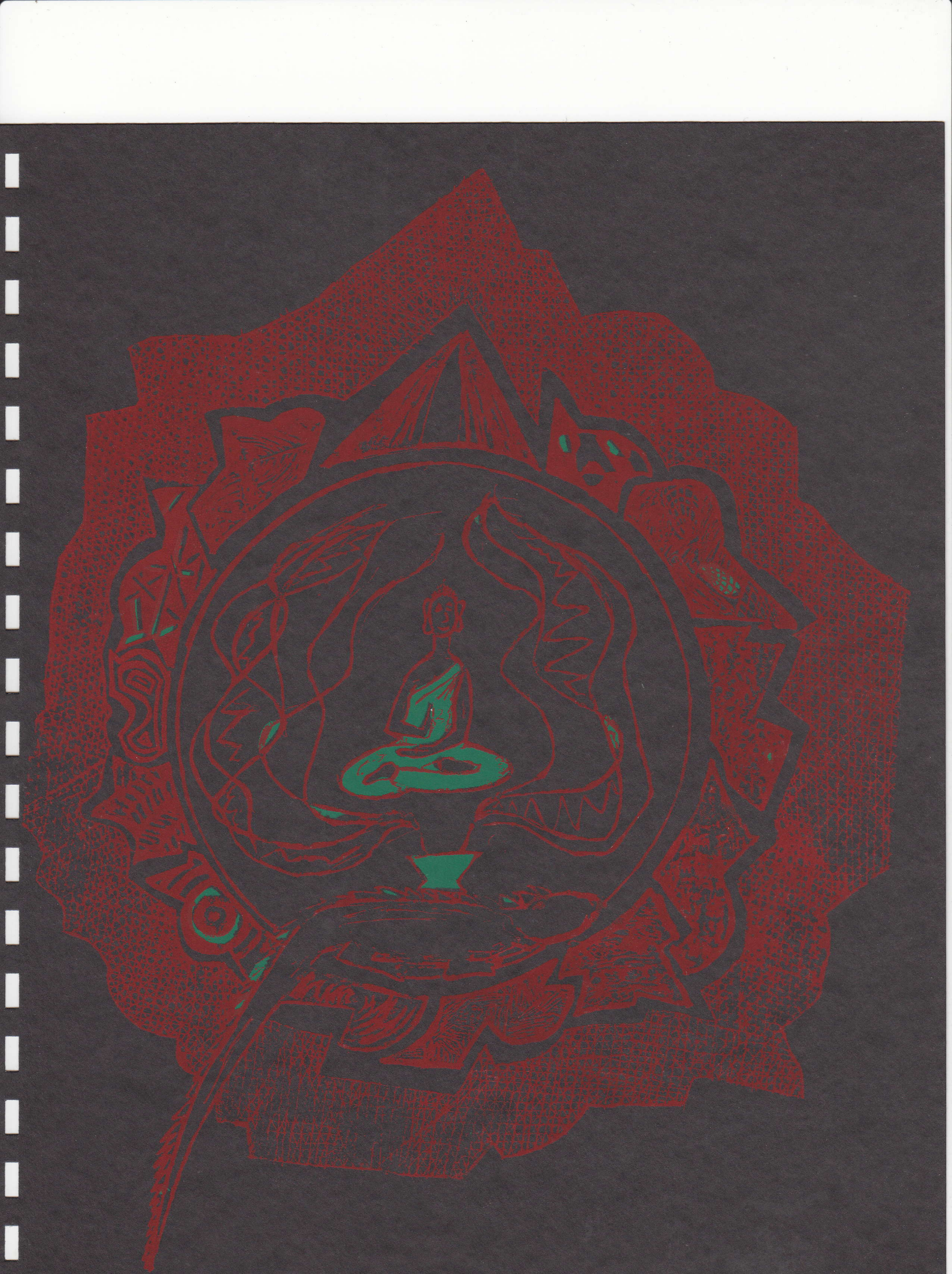
Jen Hillman
Jason Riffaterre
David Cipriano
Nick Rhodes
Mikaela Gross (CIT)

After making a few more shirts, I break for lunch and siesta near the light table. At two pm, I return to work at P.A.S.S. For the next four hours, I work harder than all of the counselors combined. I print, wash, and print again.

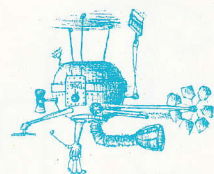
After a short break for dinner, campers rush in to work on their print exchanges. While most of the kids are busy cutting eighty-four sheets of paper, I am busy working on the year-book's thousand prints.

The gong rings, and the campers leave. As I prepare to get rest for the next day, my sense of relief is destroyed when counselors come in to finish their print exchanges - the night before the deadline! I work until two am and then escape to get some beauty sleep.

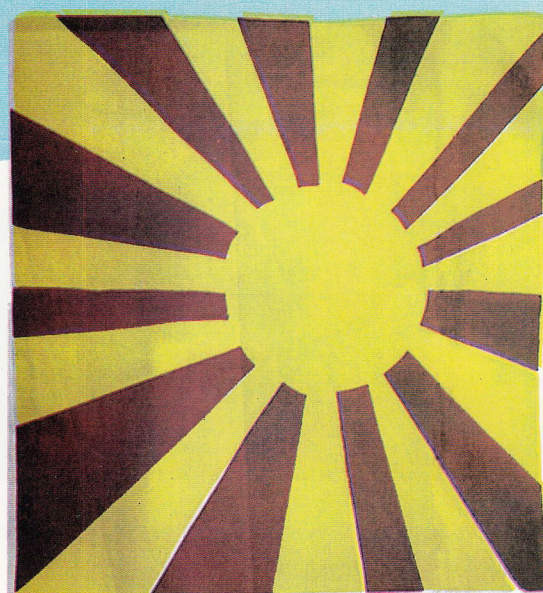
I am the squeegee, and without me, the P.A.S.S. would be nothing.



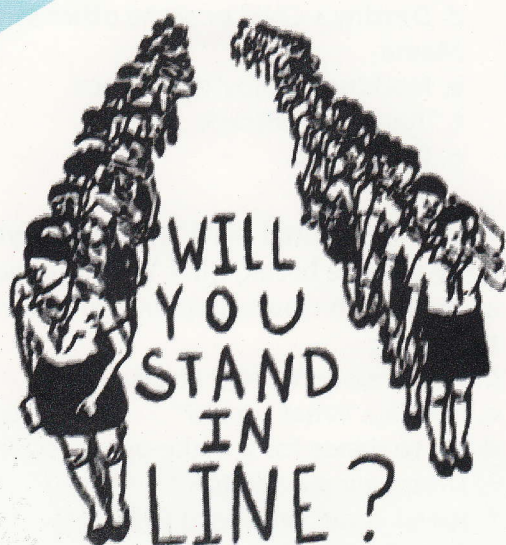
2002
EIN
1000



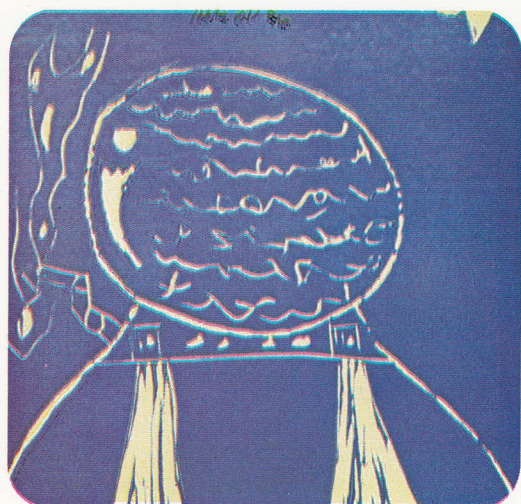
by Anne Buchwald



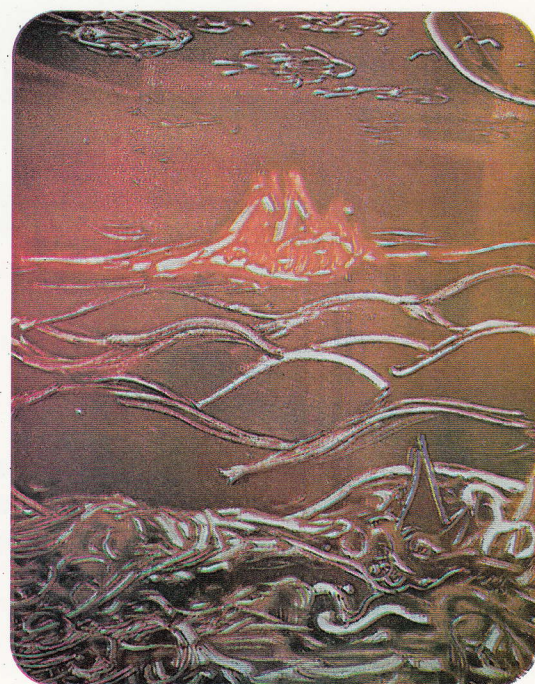
by Eli Teller



by Erin Johnson



by Luke Geller

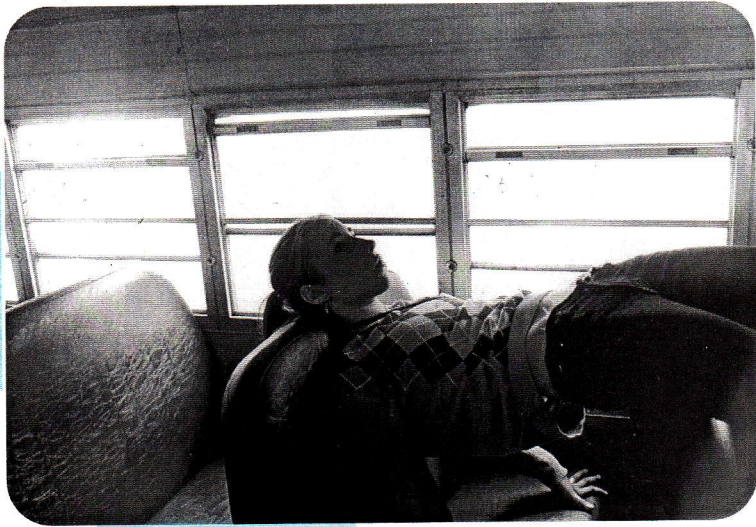


by Doug Moss

Photo

PHOTOTEEN WANTS TO KNOW!!!

Which Photoid are you? We thought we'd give you a little quiz to help you figure it out. Have fun!!!



by Rose Weiss

1) Photo's a dump. Time to kick into high gear and get some work done. Pick your poison!

- a. Take a trip to the office.
- b. Clean the table.
- c. Change chemistry and check the tongs.
- d. Make an appearance in the studio, asking "Does anybody need any help?"
- e. Bulk load film.
- f. Make a list or sign.
- g. Give printing instructions.

2) Your photo co-worker has a "thang" for your #1 crush. They deny it, but you know it's true. Do you:

- a. Act like nothing's changed. It will fade.
- b. Acknowledge it by making jokes.
- c. Show your work-friend who's boss in an all-out cat-fight.
- d. Subtly remind your honey how skanky your coworker is.
- e. Throw your friend a bone. Your honey was just another flavor of the week.

3) Photo's dyeing their hair! (With parental permission of course.) Which shade is for you?

- a. It doesn't matter... You'll end up shaving it off.
- b. No color. You go au natural.
- c. magenta or purple
- d. primary red
- e. black
- f. You're not dyeing... or even cutting your beautiful hair!

4) Oh no! Photo's gone quiet and it's your turn to pump out some fresh jams on the boombox. What's it gonna be, mixmaster?

- a. Bjork or Morrissey
- b. Ani DiFranco or the "All Over Me" soundtrack
- c. PJ Harvey
- d. Destiny's Child or some other busy Soul Mama
- e. Nothing... enjoy the silence
- f. "Rent" soundtrack
- g. Radiohead

5) You've worked hard and earned yourself a thirty minute break, girl! Watcha gonna do?

- a. Spend it in clown, popping out from behind things.
- b. Leave early for rehearsals.
- c. "Break... What break?"
- d. Go to dance for a make-over session.
- e. Disappear quietly to get coffee.
- f. Spend some time with BFW.
- g. Spend some time with the BF.

6) It's time to deface reading materials in Photo. What'll it be?

- a. Spin
- b. Adbusters
- c. Cosmo
- d. Teen People
- e. Erotic novels
- f. Academic brochures
- g. Twist

7) Oooh!!! Photoids are renting a flick! Which one's your fave?

- a. *Waiting for Guffman*
- b. *The Shining*
- c. *Bring It On*
- d. *Party Girl*
- e. *Pink Flamingo*
- f. *Duck Soup*

8) Photo's going clothes shopping in New York. Which chill shoppe will you be hitting up for some new digs?

- a. Alexander McQueen
- b. Comfy old-school. Safety pins a plus.
- c. Thrift store or anything that passes the smell test.
- d. Patricia Fields or Dolce and Gabbana
- e. Kenneth Cole
- f. Any place for something sexy, yet tasteful.
- g. The best vintage

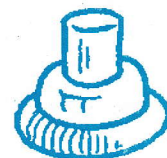
9) Okay. So we all love the dreamy guys from Radiohead. Which song makes you swoon?

- a. Idiotheque
- b. Fake Plastic Trees
- c. Pyramid Song
- d. "Radio-who?"
- e. "No comment..."
- f. Creep
- g. Living In A Glass House

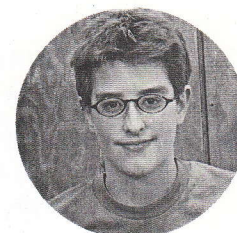
10) It's a photo crit and your turn to speak is coming up. What are you gonna say?

- a. "I like it. Now make 40 of them."
- b. You just observe silently... laughing inside.
- c. "This print is too grey and... That stain! You TONG MIXER!!!"
- d. "Is your model hispanic? Will she wear garbage bags?"
- e. "Will your mom be visiting?"
- f. Say anything not including the word "panties."
- g. Think about the critiques you haven't had yet.

Okay kid! The answers are at the bottom of the page. Whichever letter you chose more than the others will correspond to one of these seven bootylicious Photoids. You can cut out and wear the badge of your long-lost Photo staff sibling all day long! Punk rock!!!



by Dillon Lundeen & Erica Zeller



Answers: A) DAVID CRABB B) MEREDITH HEIL (CIT) C) ERICA ZELLER D) GABE HELD-JAKUBOWICZ (CIT) E) YU KANAZAWA F) SARA FOLIT-WEINBERG G) MOLLIE LAFFIN-ROSE (CIT)

Sculpture

*To the tune of
Hey Good Lookin'
by Hank Williams*



CHORUS:

Hey, good lookin',
Whatcha go grindin'?
How's about welding two pieces of steel with me?

Hey there, camper,
Drink some water.
Don't you know it's about a hundred degrees in here?
I've gotta weldin' rod and I quicken my pace,
A pair of long trousers and dirt on my face.
There's iced tea to drink and cookies at three,
So if ya wanna have fun, come along with me.

CHORUS

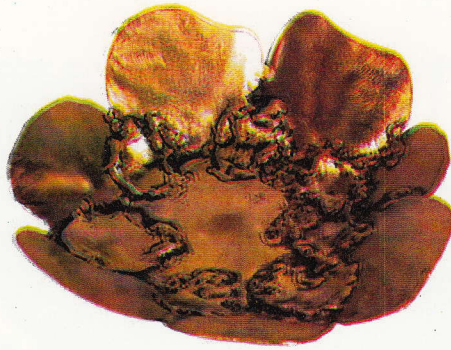
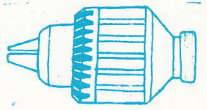
It's Sunday morning,
So we should be snorin'.
We ain't gonna use no power tools today!
If ya wanna do castin',
Make some kinda wax thing,
How's about using that icky blue stuff with me!
We're gonna plasma cut a thin piece of metal,
If you break another tip we're gonna go mental!
Use a patina to make your bronze age,
It'll turn green like a leaf of sage.

CHORUS

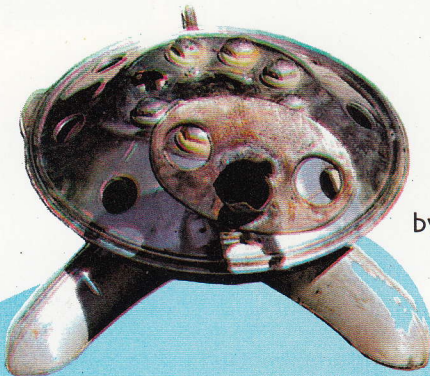
THE END

Staff:

Dane Easterly
Lisa Jacyszyn
Aled Jones
Adrian Nellis
Stefan Byrd-Krueger (CIT)



by Ben Robertson



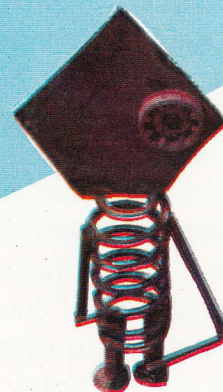
by Tom LeBlanc



by Matt Blumenkrantz



by Stefan Byrd-Krueger



by Ethan Blum

Sewing



The sewing shop is a place where the staff works hard, but the needles work harder. The projects you can do here are endless, like making messenger bags and stuffed animals and messenger bags and stuffed animals, and did I mention that you can make messenger bags and stuffed animals?

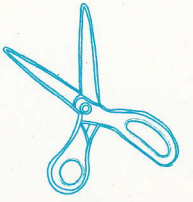
The atmosphere in this shop is very relaxed but slightly crazy. This is because of the very different mix of staff that we have this year. Let me introduce them.

First off, there is Pam Dicke. She is the pillar on which the sewing shop rests. Then there is Michele, the little valley girl trapped inside the body of an adult who is always willing to help others but really needs to help herself. Then we have Senseney. She is the calming influence on the shop, always willing to help everybody—but be warned—she will always be brutally honest with you. Mandy is the messenger bag queen. Mandy can make messenger bags in her sleep and loves nothing more than getting up in the morning and making them. Then there is Kim. She is an All American Girl who is always game for a laugh, is very quick with a pair of tweezers, and always on hand to fix the serger, a job she takes great pride in doing. We cannot forget our wonderful CIT Alix. She is a superstar who is just like an open book, always willing to learn new things. Look out for her; she is a future counselor in the sewing shop who will do very well here. Of course, there is me. I am the guy from sewing with “a long first name and an equally long last name” (Eleftherios Eleftheriou) aka Terry. I am the mad designer who sees flashes of color (regularly) and has lots of ideas but never does anything about them.

Staff:

Pam Dicke Terry Eleftheriou
Senseney Stokes Michele Wordsell
Mandy Harkin Kim West
Alix Freireich (CIT)

This is this year's sewing shop. Individually we are all slightly insane, but collectively, we have a wealth of knowledge and a lot to offer. This is what makes



by Laura Wolkoff



by Zoey Klein



by Beckie Rivera



by Caryn Morrow



by Everyone

11:15 Max Miller and Richard play around on the mixer. They get bored and Max

Jeffrey Paul Bobrick
Natasha Pachano
Shane Hope
Jordan Fish
Rosa Jurjevics (CIT)
Max Miller (CIT)

and then keys out the beanbag. Max floats in space.

11:18 Jordan mumbles about the picture plane of the aspect ratio. He edits to Pavement singing in French.

11:30 Jeff returns from the black hole in the Office. He eats an egg he has concealed in the shop. Nobody notices; more Jedi mind tricks.

11:37 QUOTE: "It's like a window into an off-color orange world." —Max Klein

11:40 Natasha organizes the tape labels.

12:20 The shop closes for lunch.

2:05 Jeff comes in with tea AGAINST THE RULES, followed by campers who ask if they can make a movie. Shane says "No, but you can make a video." The campers are confused. Shane goes back to drawing disembodied heads.

2:15 Campers come in and watch footage of boys annex counselors waking up campers in a chaotic fashion. "Shrek" music blasts.

2:30 The PA system messes up the last take of a camper's movie. Everyone yells.

2:55 The gong messes up the LAST last take of the SAME camper's movie. Everyone throws things.

3:08 Snack appears.

3:10 Jeff brings cookies into the shop AGAINST THE RULES. Shane realizes it's his hour off and says "i'mgonnagobye."

3:12 Heidi comes in and asks where Shane is. The staff tells her he just left.

"Thanksgottagobye," says Heidi.

3:14 Jordan and Nat try to fix the network.

Nat grabs a crimper. "Crimp," says Nat, "Crimp crimp crimp." Max Miller goes over to computer to bother Nat, not realizing that Nat is in Video.

3:20 QUOTE: "Let's keep playing as half-people." —Richard Ledley

3:25 Max cleanses the shop's vibes with jerky.

3:30 Who is that Jathingle guy anyway?

3:42 Jeff breaks into song. Nobody else knows the words, but they attempt to sing along

3:49 Something needs to be delivered to Photo.

"Hashmashmashmash," says

Jeff to Rosa. "Hashmashmashmash," says Rosa to Jeff. They laugh like idiots.

4:00 Natasha comes back from running.

Though she has not been through Naval basic training, she is fairly fast.

4:05 Mike Wellman comes in and decorates the shop. Everyone calls him Eric.

4:11 People play with clay. Hey, that rhymes!

4:21 Someone asks Jeff how old he is, usually Rosa. Jeff says "I'm older than you but younger than Ernst (if he was still alive)."

4:31 The camper who signed up for morning

editing time shows up. "I had rehearsal," says the camper.

5:30 Shane unicycles down to the Summer Theatre without breaking his head. Everyone cheers.

5:20 Someone breaks timecode.

5:37 Natasha renames the harddrives.

5:42 Shane makes an abstract Video Shop poster and complains about PUB's printing rules.

5:50 Jen Langton arrives and distracts Max. Rosa chews on Jen's shirt.

5:55 Rodger enters the shop and everyone yells "Rodga!"

6:12 The gong rings. Everyone is shoed out of the shop.

6:30 The shop closes.

1:48 AM Jeff finishes Requiem.

9:00 AM Campers come in and ask if they can make a movie. The staff growls. Shane puts on a compilation tape and everyone zones out to "One rots your teeth and one is good on meat."

VIDEO

Weaving

Staff:

Rebecca Foster
Jo Jeffery
Amy Miller
Rosa Muravchick
Carrie Smith



On the fringe of camp
down a narrow, rocky path
is a shop called weaving
what is done there? many ask

But the girl seemed bored
so a camper in the corner
whispered, "do you want to know the truth?"
and beckoned the girl over.

At weaving belts are made
by campers by the bunch
as well as scarves, tapestries and blankets
stopping only for dinner and lunch

Cone people are born
when a cone of string runs dry
and a human puts string in its top for hair
and draws a mouth, a nose, and two eyes

One day a quiet, young girl
who had never been up the path before
came wandering unknowing
through the weaving shop door

Then the cone comes to life!
And what a fine life it will be
For cone people have no wars
No hate and no cruelty

There she found a picnic table
crowded with campers, staff, and CITs
and though they all seemed tired
they were eager to please

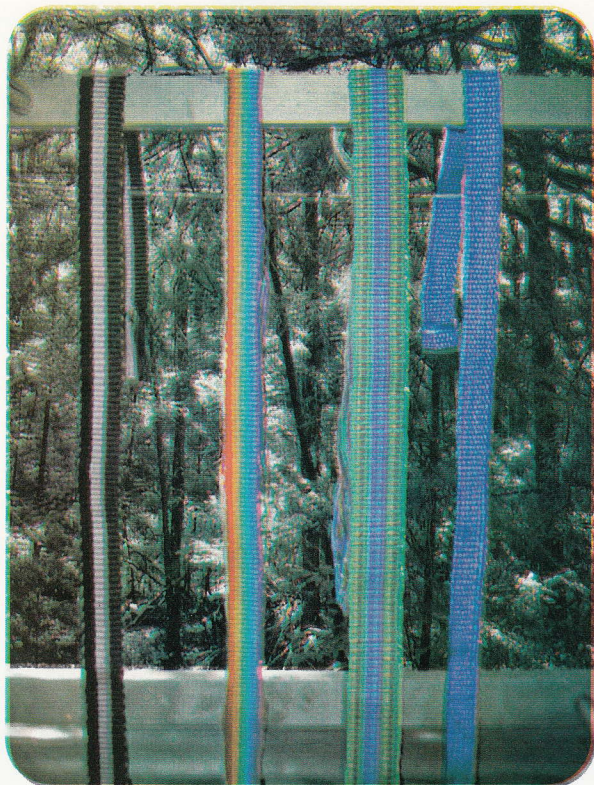
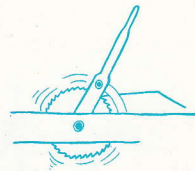
They live together peacefully
following Marvin, their leader.
True, cones do very little
but they are loving, friendly, and eager.

"What can I do here?" said the girl
as she looked from side to side
"and what is weaving anyway?
Will I like it, or should I run and hide?"

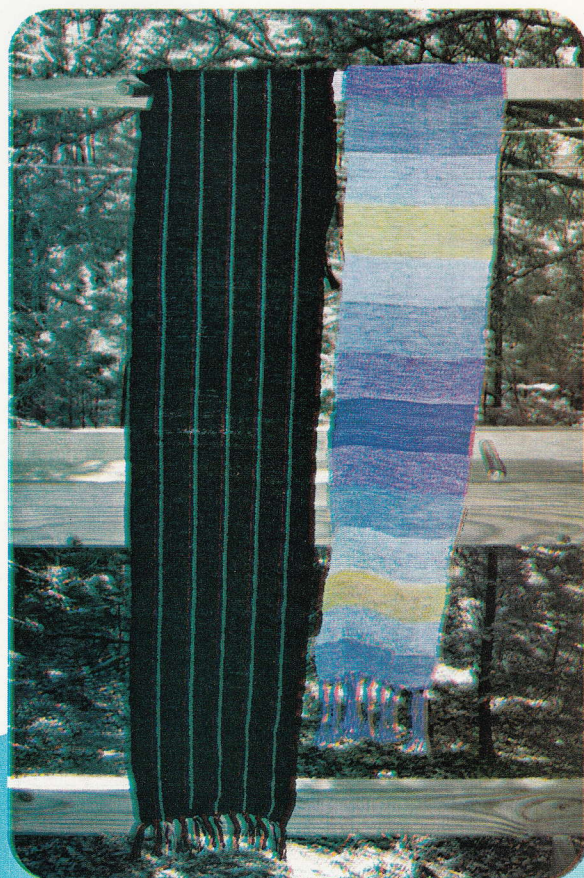
"So young girl," said the wise camper
"These few things you must learn:
Keep making projects in weaving
or no new cones will be born.

The weaving counselors rattled off
all the things that she could do
from a blanket for her bed

Listen to your counselors
Carrie, Rebecca, Jo and Rose to name a few
and most importantly never forget



Left to Right: Addison Walz, Annie Hurwitz,
Katherine Peterson, Dina Rudofsky



Left to Right: Hannah Snyder, Alana Jacoby



by Rachel Schweitzer

Wood



Chris
"Don't make me take my hat off"
Goodson: good old curly-locks who lost his feet in the New Milford 8; we love the way he talks.

Andy
"Where's he disappeared to" Lees: the sneaky shop master perfected the ability to disappear at will, trying to woo unsuspecting ladies into his boat. "Wanna see my sail?"

There was chaos in the little village of Buck's Rock; campers and counselors ran wild with no order whatsoever. Then, all of a sudden, out of the darkness came a shadow... It was the black flamingo and his trusted sidekick the dark sparrow; they had crash-landed from the planet Video. Guided by the navigator, they were the only ones who could restore law and order to The Rock.

Today, the legacy still lives on. In the wood shop, the ways of the flamingo and the training of the navigator can still be found in drums, bowls, plates, and flamingos themselves. 2001 brought the best of the best from all four corners of the globe. The gap was finally bridged.

The Sundays at the Wood Shop were dedicated to showing the ways of the flamingo and how it used to be. Cameras were at the ready as the flamingo himself was partial to an appearance on the Sunday teachings.

Dani
"Watch my shoulder; I hate being ill" Nicholls: wants to start the Hug-a-Clown Day at Buck's Rock.

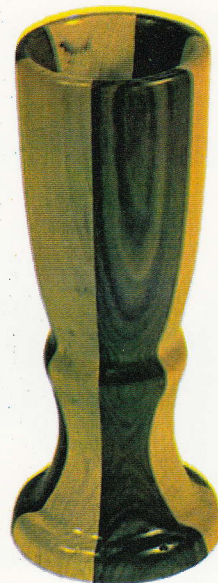
Warren
"Born in the jungle" Kirsten: easily recognizable by the patch on his apron which reads, "Guns don't kill people. I kill people." This masculine image was shattered when his childhood love, little Warren the Bear, was stolen.

Scott
"Doesn't mess it up"
Kunstadt: the best CIT on the camp with his unique sweep-the-sander moves (just ask him for a demo)!!! Scott, with his posse of ten ladies, wanders in "just a little late" in the mornings.

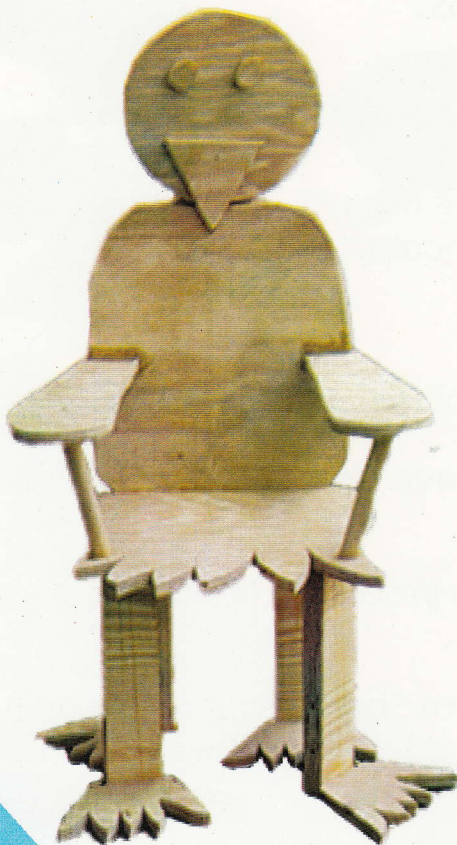
Rob
"Where'd my trousers go" Allison: keeping the Wood Shop sanitary and happy with his cheery optimistic views and opinions, he spreads happiness with every smile, making sure spirits are always kept high.



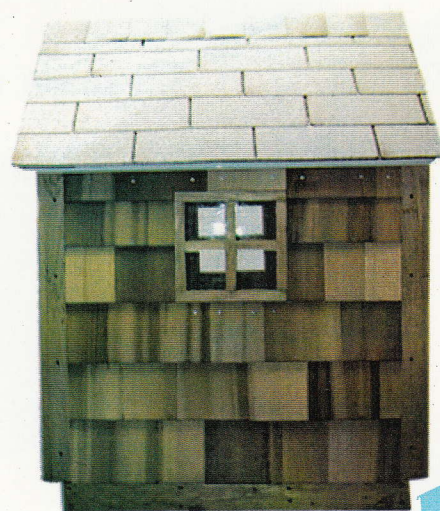
by Katie Kaplan



by David Krinick



by Hannah Snyder



by Ian Yarett



by Keegan Kuvach



by Sara Weinbrom

Fleen

You do not *make* Fleens.

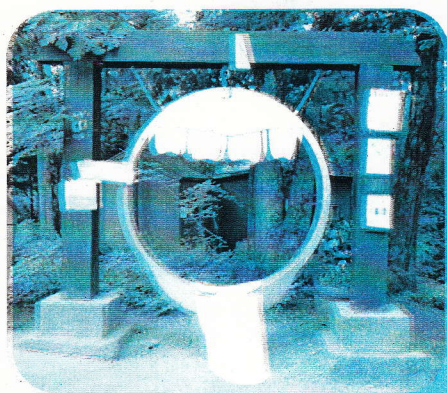
Fleen is a process:

"What are you doing?"

"I'm fleening."

"What does one fleen?"

"You fleen skyhooks."



To fleen - to fashion bits of metal into a skyhook.

To have fleened - to have fashioned bits of metal together to create a skyhook.

To be fleening - to be in the process of fashioning bits of metal to form a skyhook.

To go fleening - to get to the Fleen Shop so you can fashion bits of metal to make a skyhook.

Staff

Stu Davis (Head of Shop)

Mic McWitz (counselor; he's Jewish and Scottish)

Emily Bobrick (JC)

Samantha Mulder (JC)

Alyson Heimer (CIT)

Max Miller (part-time CIT)

Walter D. Skinner (Visiting Artist)



Ways to Get to Fleen:

• Run around camp three times and jump backwards through the gong three times. •

• Walk past the animal farm. Keep going. Keep going. You're almost there. Keep walking... •

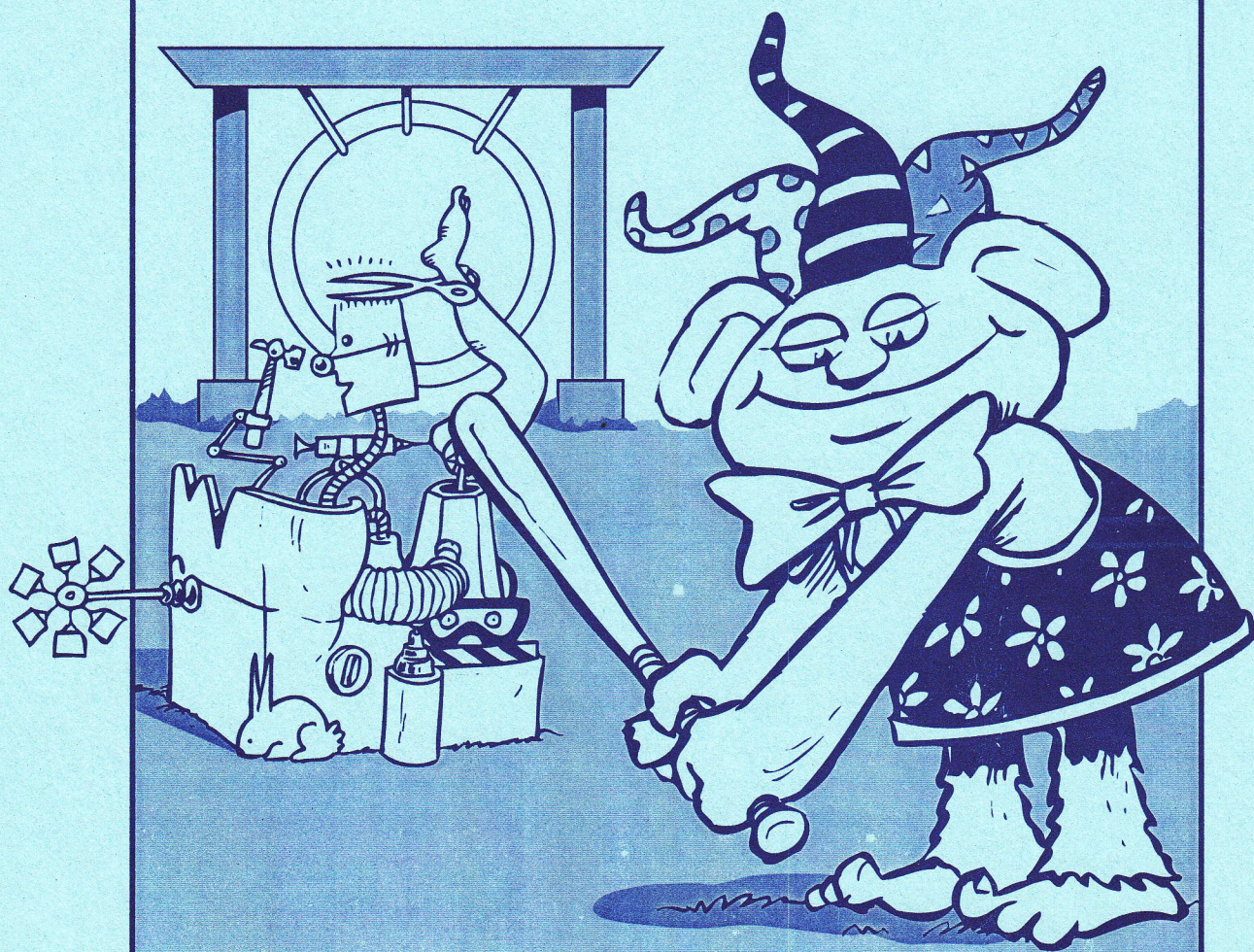
• When the vegetables are at their prime at the farm, eat one and run up and down the road ten times. •

• Stand on the gong when someone is ringing it, then jump backwards through it. •

• Jump through the gong 87 times. •

• Go to Wood. Make a house. Name it "Fleen." Walk inside. •

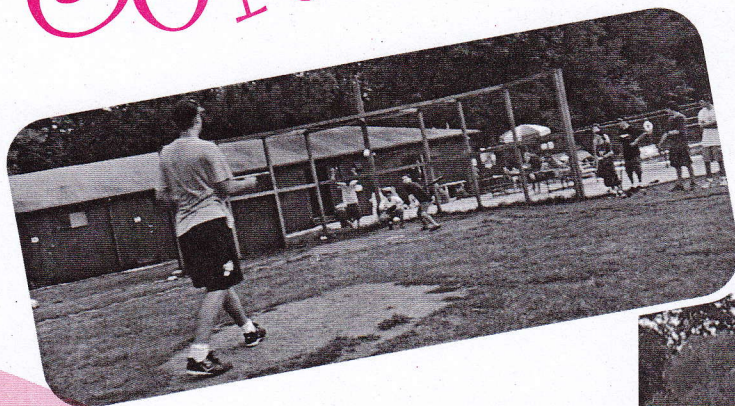
Evening Activities Gong



"As he spoke slowly, sharply gesticulating at each emphasized syllable, I felt not only that he was teaching me and changing me, but that I was doing the same for him. We both knew that this feeling was no illusion. I've never met anyone else who, without fail, made conversation such a magical event."

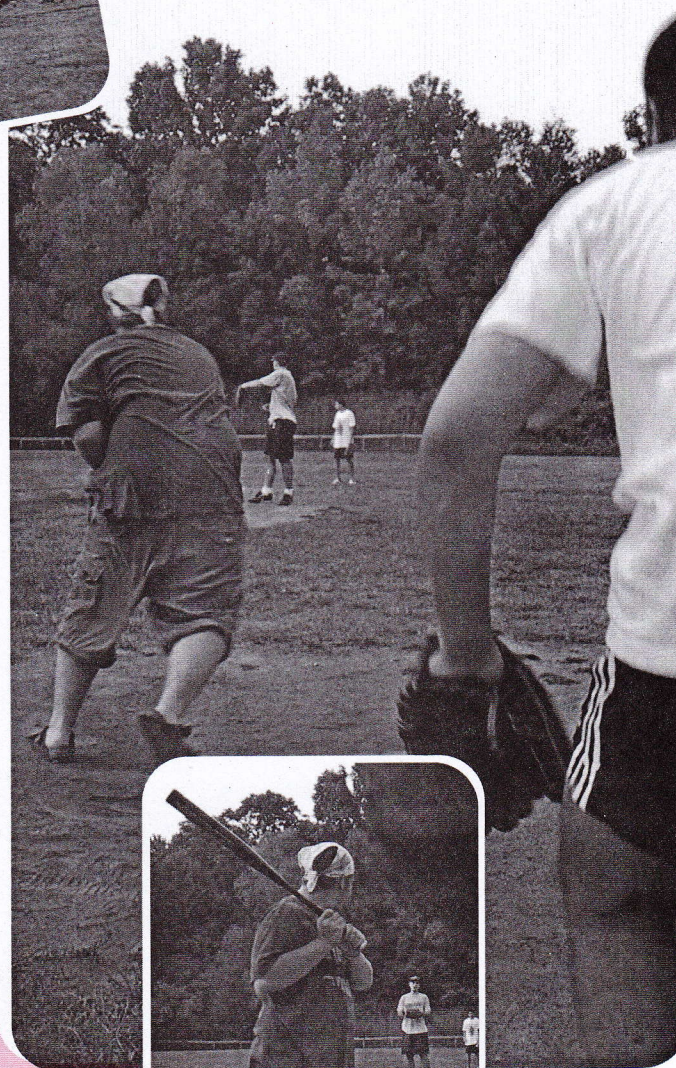
- Buck's Rock alumnus Ian K. Schleifer
(from the official Buck's Rock Message Board, 2001)

Softball



Choppositta? Rosepigie? What kind of team names are these? Well, for the uninitiated, they are anagrams created by the famous MYQ. The other names from the first session were Riffrenches, GI Conch, and Shrabhowns. The theme was Potato Products, so rearrange the letters and find out for yourself. The second session names were Glad as Divers, I Sell Burning Ties, BK Burger Mail, and Huge Charms. That theme has not been divulged yet but those are anagrams as well.

This season has seen a great number of games decided by one run. We've had many exciting 7th inning rallies. The games between Choppositta and Riffrenches had storybook endings. Rosiepigie and Riffrenches played a game that turned out to be the best defensive struggle in many years. The game was decided in the bottom of the eighth with a home run by Jeff Greenberg. Rosepigie went on to win the entire championship for the first half. The entire Rosepigie roster will be inducted into the Watermelon Hall of Fame in a ceremony to be held on December 7, 2001, in the dining hall. Also, we would like to express our gratitude to all of the foreign staff who played on our teams, especially the British, who, I'm told, would much rather play cricket. I'm curious, baseball has bases and balls but where are the crickets in cricket?



Staff:
Bob Schandle
Steve Dicke
Tobias Wasser (CIT)

The



Shack

The art of Evening Activities is complicated. An evening activity is like a child. It must be pampered, cared for, and loved. One cannot abuse an evening activity. Its pain is our pain. When an evening activity cries, the earth rumbles. Whether it is Buck's Rock Bowl, a movie, or a fun filled night of Twista, evening activities are delicate and crucial members of Buck's Rock society. To decipher the true meaning and heart of an evening activity is like reaching God and asking him why he rested on the seventh day. The evening will always commence. The shivers of the night will always fall upon the heart of Buck's Rock. We can always feel the cool transparent air of the nocturnal take a hold on our breath. Embrace the evening activities, children. Embrace them. Fear not the evening activities creatures that stir in the night. Fear not the staff. Fear not Gabrielle Lang and the way in which she woos the children into a life of deception and glee. Fear not Isaac Yager and his luscious curls of the night that bring children to embrace the night. Fear not Bobby Cannavino, the young CIT with a heart of gold, but with a passion for unworldly experiences. And fear not Roger Bailey, the latest addition to the crew of the night. He is very nice. Children, listen. Saturate the words that I say. Saturate my teachings, and live for the day, but mostly for the night.

The
Evening Activities
Crew:

Roger Bailey
Gabrielle Lang
Isaac Yager
Bobby Cannavino (CIT)

Costume



"We the willing, led by the unknowing,
are doing the impossible for the
ungrateful. We have done so much for
so long with so little, we are now
qualified to do anything with nothing."

- The Costume Shop



Conversations at : The Costume Shop

Director: We need 15 eye patches for pirates.

Designer: Okay, it's the first show of the summer. I guess it can't get worse than this.

Director: Well, we also need one actor to have his fingers stuck in a lute through three or four costume changes...

Director: Now this one is supposed to be a burly Russian man.

Fred Rosenberg (clarinet) & Mira (piano)

Director: Now, this entire cast needs to be in togas. So we need about 18 togas.

Designer: TOGAS?!?!?

The Day Of The Swing Dance

Person 1: What did they wear in the 50s?

Person 2: Can I borrow these sparkly things?

Person 3: I want 5 eye patches...

The Next Day

Person 1: Here's my dress.

Person 2: Can I keep these sparkly things?

Person 3: I lost all of the eye patches.

Director: Jon Levin has too much hair, could you gel it back?

Weatherman: It's going to stay at about 90 degrees for the next couple days.

Designer: Maybe it won't be so bad for the show...

That Night

Designer: Where's the powder?

The Costume Staff: (in unison) I know, let's have Tatyana, the Russian, costume a play about American History!

Director: You are going to hate this one, no really, you are going to adore it. The show is going to be set in a rave, can you do it?

Designer: (dumbfounded) A Rave? Are you serious? Finally, we get some slack!

Asst. Designer: Yeah, let's just get some stuff from home.

Shop Head:

Amanda Reimer

Shop Staff:

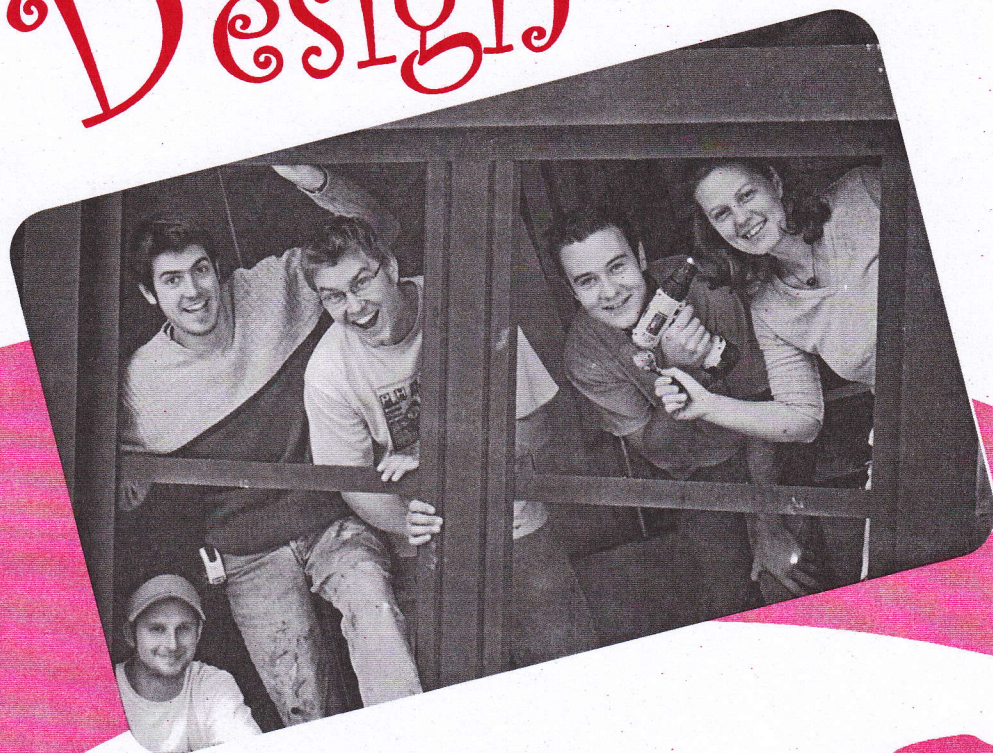
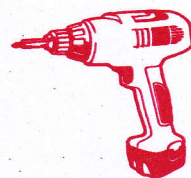
Celeste Christie

Katie David

Marianne Davies

Tatyana Bouldakova

Set Design



Clipboard Tasks for the Day

- 9:30 am Meet late for nine o'clock meeting.
- 9:31 am Ash scours Summer Theatre for any left items.
- 9:40 am Overload truck. Try to start it.
- 9:45 am Move set over one eighth of one eighth of an inch.
- 10:50 am Try to start truck again.
- 11:00 am Touch-up Leo's mistakes.
- 11:30 Pull twelve-foot flats.
- 11:31 Put them back – don't ask why.
- 11:34 Watch Wendy fall off stage [again].
- 11:45 Give up on truck.
- 11:50 Wake up Ken.
- 11:55 WACKY!!!
- 12:00 Lunch
- 2:30 Meet late for two o'clock meeting.
- 2:40 Paint doorknob.
- 3:00 Snack
- 3:30 Let Tim enjoy his power trip [for only two days].
- 3:45 Laugh as Leo attempts to throw Ash 'wif' hammer.
- 4:00 "NO, George!"
- 4:15 Time for Jo [our no. 2] to change her outfit.
- 4:30 Leo washes off any dirt on him.
- 5:58 At two minutes of, when physically drained, manage to leave early.
- 10:30 Put up heavy Greek house 'til two AM.
- 11:00 Wave goodbye to Clancy bus.
- 11:30 Same as previous.

Cast:

Leo Smit [no "h"]
Rich "Done 'em"
Wendy "Dwarf" Able
Timmy "Magic" Greenway
Ash-lay "About" Cartwright
Kenneth Gray [as in the colour]

Lastly, SPATTER all of the above!

LSD

The Cast:

Little British Stevo, Big Aussie Steve, Jeff and Jaimee from NY,
and the proper Ääny and Gina...

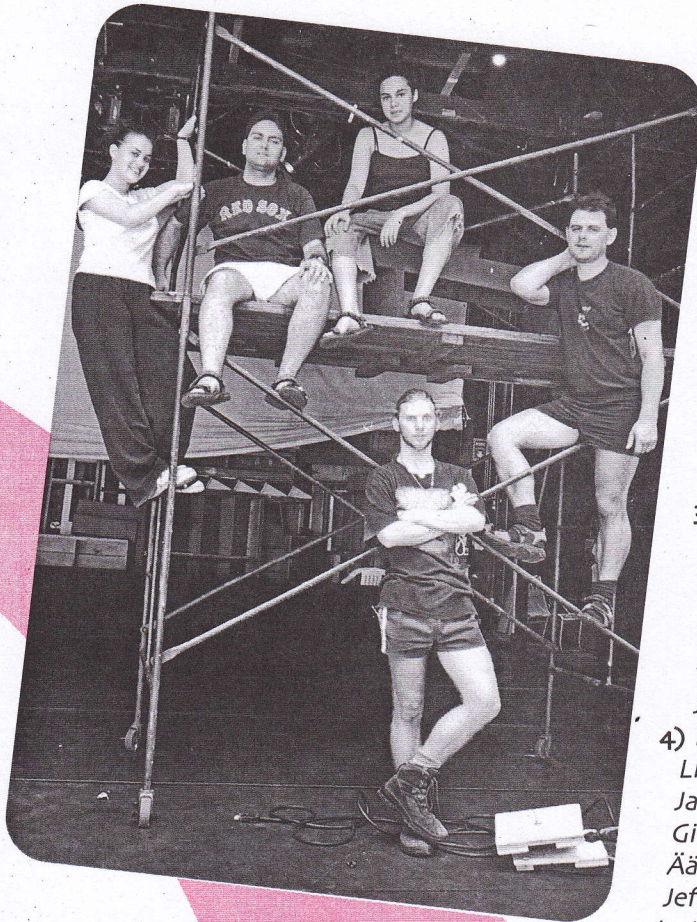


THE LSD ENGLISH TO ENGLISH TO ENGLISH TO ENGLISH DICTIONARY!

AND OTHER SUCH THINGS...

Due to the censorship of this article Jeff and Jaimee's language has been altered

- 1) Little Stevo - This light is a little dodgy.
Big Steve - This light is playin' up.
Jeff and Jaimee - This light is fornicated.
Ääny and Gina - There seems to be a problem with this light.
Justin - I swear I didn't touch it!
- 2) Little Stevo - Let's get Spiegel to do it.
Big Steve - Oh no, you want Spiegel to do it.
Jaimee - Fornication Under Command of King Spiegel.
Ääny - Poor Justin.
Gina - Good job Justin.
Jeff - What did you do Justin?
Justin - I swear I didn't touch it!
- 3) Rice - Don't drop the head set.
Little Stevo - Some jolly ol' chap broke a head set.
Big Steve - Some bloody bloke broke a head set!
Jeff and Jaimee - Who in gosh darn heck broke a headset?
Ääny and Gina - Some adorable child has caused a head set to no longer function.
Justin - I swear I didn't touch it!
- 4) Big Steve - We got a problem here.
Little Stevo - What's the matter?
Jaimee - What the darn diddly, Jeff, fix it!
Gina - Jeff, fix it!
Ääny - I think they need you to fix that Jeff.
Jeff - What did you do Justin?
Justin - I swear I didn't touch it!



THINGS TO REMEMBER...

~Can I go to bed? - Allison R
~Have you designed my show yet? - George K
~This is god talking! - Rice
~You guys don't need me, I'm going to hang out at set...
hey Ashley wait up! - Jo G

~Off with you before we drop a house on you too! - Jeff
~Jeff, fix it! - Jaimee and Gina
~We're in more solid waste products then a warrabe duck! -
Big Steve
~I swear I didn't touch it! - Justin S

THE SHOW

Actor's Studio - 11pm - The Set crew is at work!
Wendy, Rich and Tim are hard at work trying to figure out what
Leo has done. Ashley and Jo have mysteriously disappeared...

11:02 - Jaimee starts ordering people around.
11:03 - Allison asks: Can I go to bed?
11:06 - George walks in, LSD crew plays dead.
11:07 - Saftey crew enters and escorts George to bed.
11:16 - Jon Levy is flogged for no apparent reason
11:30 - Theatre CITs become useless - Jaimee yells
11:35 - Rice enters
11:35.01 - All of GA1 comes in and asks: Where's Rice?
11:35.02 - Rice hides behind god mic, he says: This is
god, Rice has left the building
11:35.03 - GA1 leaves giggling
11:35.04 - Rice leaves

12:01 - LSD crew says: Jon, you're a CIT right?, Jon replies
"DA"

12:30 - LSD crew begins to work

1:00 - Jeff yells at inanimate objects

1:00.01 - Jaimee yells at Jeff

1:15 - Jon Levy leaves

1:15.01 - Jon Levy returns

2:55 - Jaimee pleads to go home

3:00 - Jaimee walks into the octagon and wakes up
the theatre CITs

3:30 - LSD crew finishes up

3:31 - LSD crew knocks over the house of Erronius

5:29 - Aany wakes up and begins to work

5:30 - LSD crew finishes fixing the house of Erronius and
leaves



Theatre



Ooh, I Feel So Good Like...

Joelle "Just Stand There and Play With It" Ré Arp-Dunham
Ernie "That's Some Damn Fine Jerky" Johns
Bruce "My Uterus Hurts" Ducat
Fergie "Leezard" Zimble

Laura "Why Doesn't Anyone Wanna Be A Giant?" Pratt
Sarah "PM" Schacter
Amanda "Those of you not in this, get off the stage. (This means all of you.)" Resnikoff
Ben "Shay Shay Koolay" Boas
Stephanie "You Probably Can't Do This But..." Klemons

Kaiko "Erik" Kaiko
Leslie "Just Hold Me" Rosenberg
Aaron "Jailbait" Rabinowitz
Nathalie "Like A Virgin" Levey
Roger "Bunny Boo" Crane
Alyson "Watch Out, She's Got A Power Tool" Heimer
Jen "Pootylicious / Do I Die in This?" Langton
Kat "Oops, I Like Theatre Better" Reilly
Juli "Oops, I do too" Martin
Caryn "Me Three" Morrow
Grunge "Oops, I Hate Being A Theatre CIT, oh well..." Grunge

Jon "One More Year" Levy

... I Knew I Would...



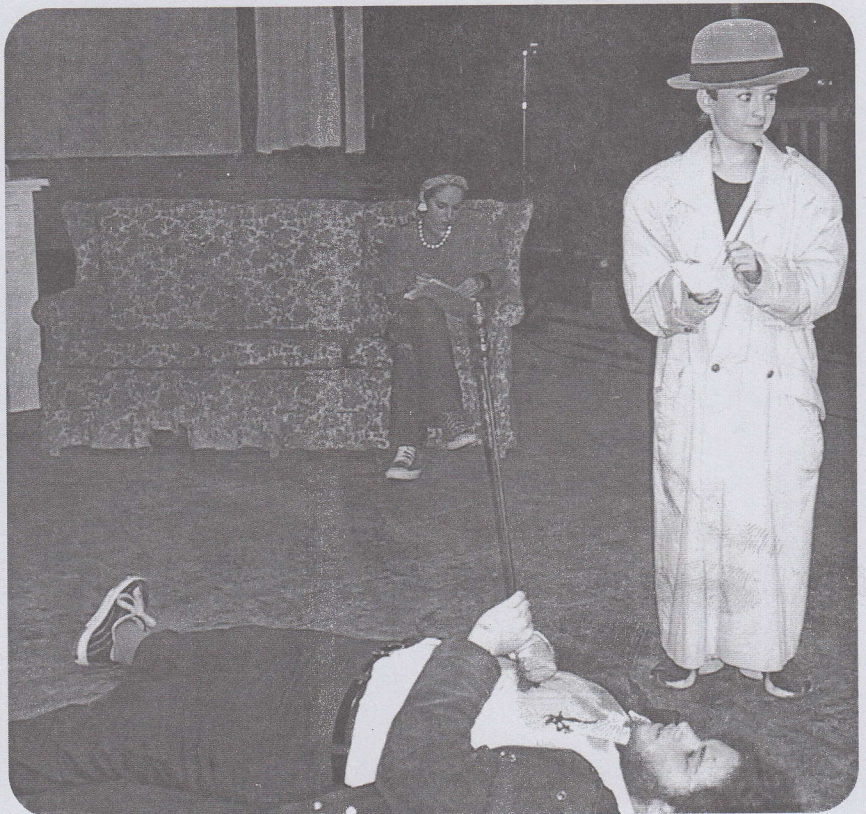
8:55- All theatre CITs wake up and go back to sleep.
9:05- Theatre CITs run to TA. Jon Levy is waiting for them.
9:06- All theatre CITs flog Jon Levy.
9:08- Alyson breaks her finger.
9:10- Directors arrive at TA. Aaron is sent to go wake Grunge.
10:00- Kaiko is Jesus jokes commence.
10:10- CITs get bored and ask Roger to say "Bunny Boo."
10:20- Fergie arrives at TA.
10:30- CITs are sent to rehearsal. Nathalie asks "Where is Kaiko?"
10:35- Kat contemplates why Jon Levy has more responsibility than she does.
10:31- CITs complain to each other.
11:10- CITs remind directors they have to serve at 11:30.
11:20- CITs remind directors they have to serve at 11:30.
11:45- CITs go to serve.
12:15- Jon Levy mocks the CITs for serving.
12:16- CITs flog Jon Levy.

1:00- "What's a bench call?"
1:01- 2:00- Everyone complains while munching on canteen food.
1:16- Alyson breaks her finger.
1:58- Juli is pried away from Jeremy (her boyfriend).
2:00- Everyone goes to rehearsal.
3:00- Everyone goes to their OTHER rehearsal.
On the way they get snack.
4:30- Everyone goes back to the first rehearsal.
4:45- Kaiko is Jesus jokes begin again.
5:10- Painstaking serving process repeats.
6:30- Jon Levy mocks the theatre CITs for serving. Again.
6:31- CITs flog Jon Levy. Again.

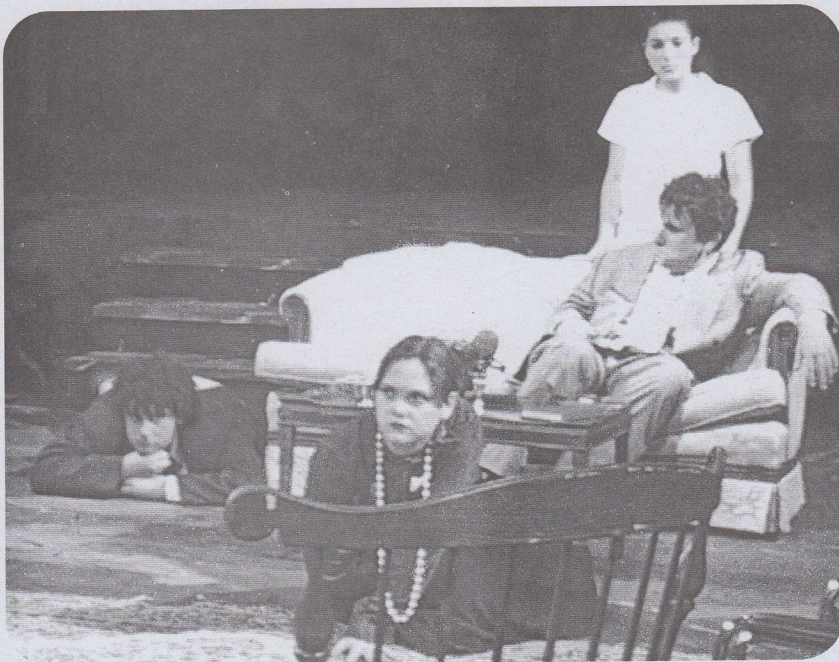
6:32- 7:00- CITs contemplate their existence.
7:00- CITs put in "shop hours". CITs all begin routine stage-kissing.
10:30- Show ends. CITs begin forced volunteer work.
10:31- Everyone goes to costume. Caryn cleans up.
10:35- Scott is sent to CIT snack. Leslie complains.
10:36- Zander is forcefully removed from Jen's bosom and is also sent to snack. Jen is removed from Grunge. Everyone is removed from Kaiko.
10:40- Alyson gets a power tool. Havoc is wreaked.
10:50- Counselor snack arrives. Everyone breaks for ham and knishes.
11:00- Scott is sent away. Again.
11:30- Everyone begins to feel useless. They all ask Jaimee what to do. She yells and insults Theatre CITs.
11:35- Back massages are given.
12:00- All campers are sent home.
12:15- Everyone realizes Jon Levy is still there.
12:16- CITs flog Jon Levy.

12:17- CITs tell Jon Levy to get back to work.
1:00- CITs are sent home. They all spun tiredly over a job well done.
1:15- Jon Levy is sent home.
1:20- CITs take their half day off-
Female CITs make a list of the hottest male CITs.
Male CITs learn sign language.
Everyone swoons over Kaiko.
2:00- Everyone remembers to take the Laundry out.
3:00- Jaimee comes in and wakes the female CITs.
5:30- Finally, all the CITs fall asleep.

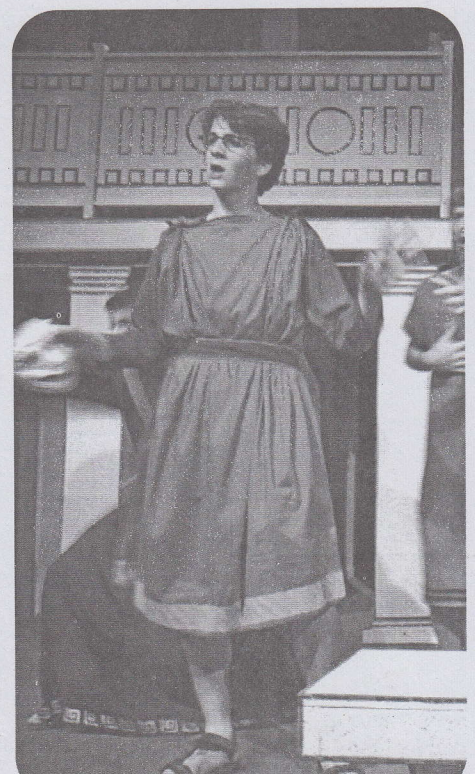
You Can't Take it With You



Benign Humors

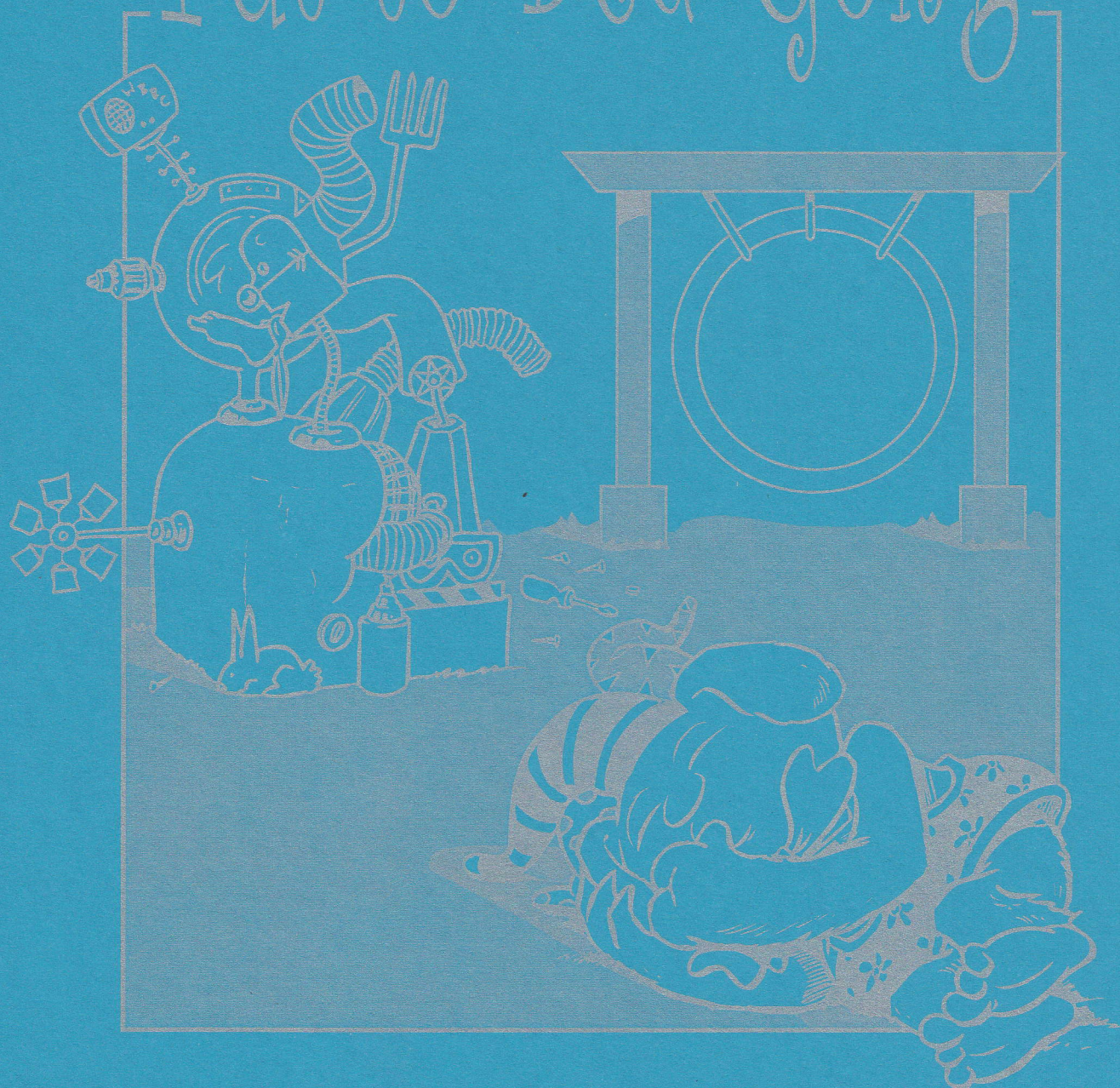


The Real Inspector Hound



A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum

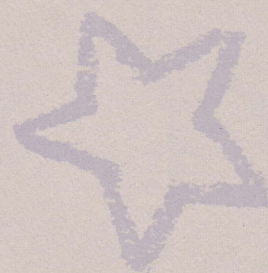
Put to Bed Gong



"What seems to be impossible now — namely to do justice to the instinctive curiosity and drive of young people through an adequate educational system — might be possible in the future, just as it turned out that it was possible after all to fly to the moon."

- Buck's Rock co-founder, co-director, Ernst Bulova
(from a 1993 interview by Jeffrey Paul Bobrick and David Grotel)

Bedtime Stories



Trust

by Judy (MadonnaGirl)
Yerukhovich

rain
falling
from the sky
like a thousand tears

each one so full of life
so full of hope and trust
that they make her believe

coming like comfort
from the heavens
they fall
allowing her the knowledge
that she is not alone
that others weep
as well
that things
will be better
that she can trust
and maybe

just maybe
someday she will see
that her yearning for
identity
with the sun
has no need

for a single drop of rain
is so full of love
so full

that it can change her WORLD

Insane?

by Liysa Mendels

Crazy sometimes?

I am. Always.

I've always gone out on a limb.

Who knows if there's another opportunity?

Who's to say I don't die tomorrow?

And if I do, I'd like to have done something.

So once and a while, run happy and free.

Laugh maniacally.

Don't care what they think.

They're crazier.

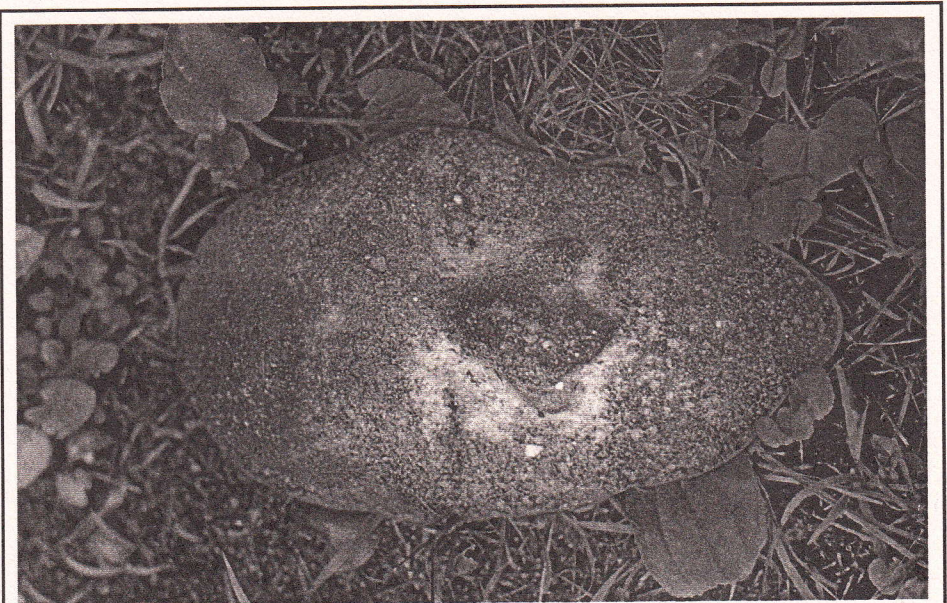
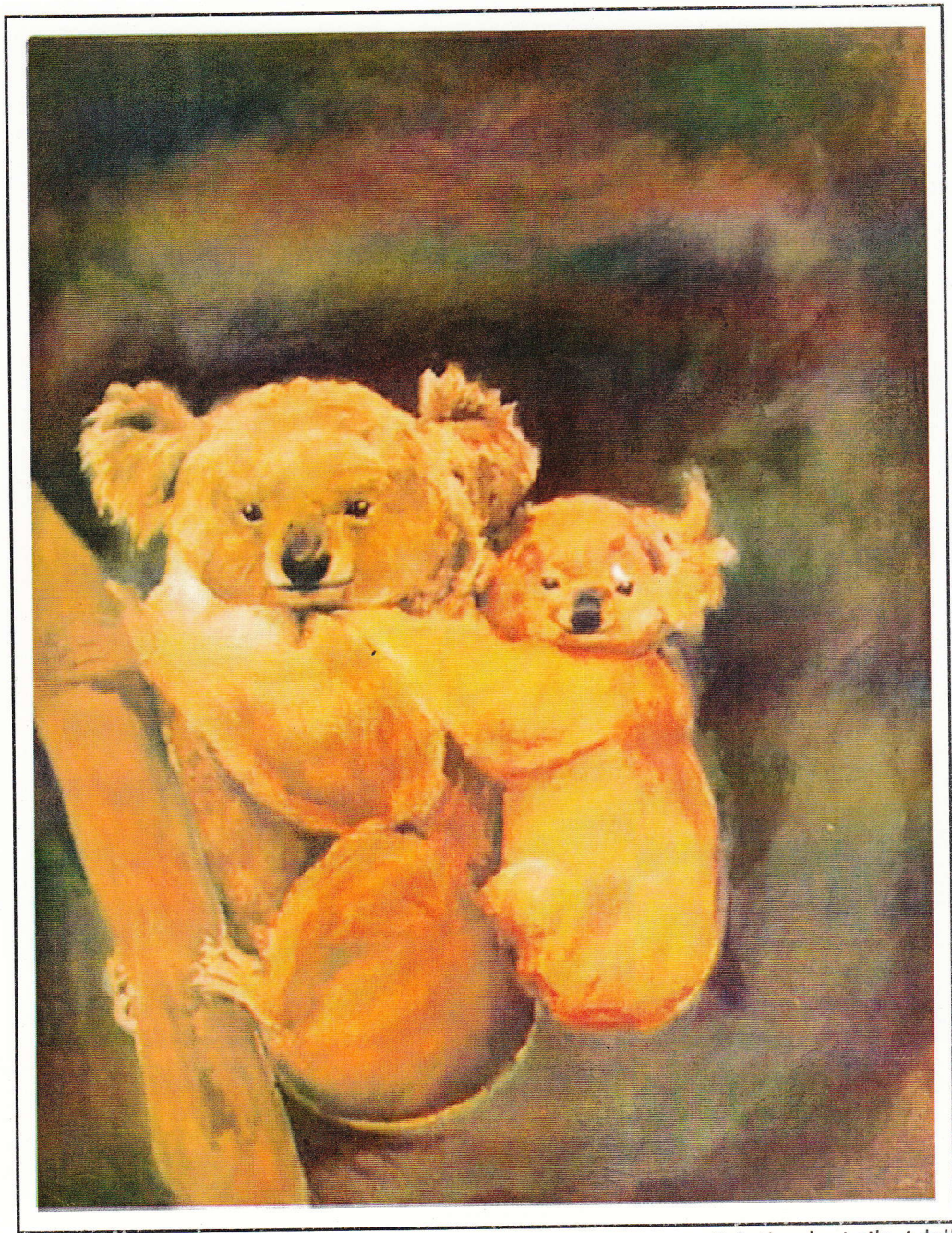


Photo by Dillon Lundeen-Goldschlag



Painting by Leila Adell



Photo by Vicki Litvinov




Portrait of a Girl

by Lucy Robins

The sounds of the city blend with the heavy metal music blaring from the center of her room. Noise. Any noise. Tap dancing, friends talking, heavy metal, sirens roaring. And yet, through the height of the loudness, comes sweet, calm music. Soft reading, cool rooms, an only child lying awake, wondering, wondering. Lost in a world, never ending, scared. The breeze runs through her hair, and she remembers the plane ride. The rush of her heart as she thinks about her mom. Up in the air. What if she falls?

She is no longer alone. Surrounded by friends. Laughing and talking she loses her fears. Drowned in a barrel of laughs. The sisters and brothers that she longs for.

And suddenly, she is center stage, in the midst of praise, dancing through her life. Tapping out her feelings. Leaving her legacy behind, she remembers.



Whitewashing

by Michelle Iseman

The colorful paints and foul language flare before his eyes.

He sees the hateful words and annoying dyes.



The strokes of his brush slowly cover the hurtful lies.

A few boards done and eighty to go, the boy cries.

White paint can't cover up the memory of hurtful lies.

A white fence stands as a landmark of where the graffiti dies.


—July 12, 2001



What Is Intelligence?

by Jeremy E. Pesner

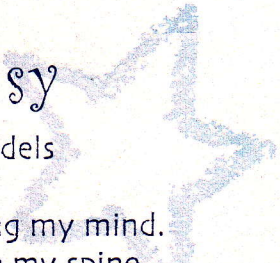
Is intelligence how much you know
Or how much you can know?
Your possibility,
Or your present knowledge?
How do people know what
They know
And what's really important to
know?
What really matters,
And how much of that is taught
In school?
School,
The supposed learning place,
May very well be the place where
The least knowledge is retained.
My old school,
When I looked at my new school
I felt I was missing something.
No idea what it was,
And I'm still not sure today.
But I'm learning,
Both academically
And otherwise.
In school,
And out.
About how to function,
And hard, solid knowledge.
Is it fair?
Is it right?
Did my old school successfully
Prepare me for what lay ahead?
That in mind,
Am I intelligent?



Jealousy

by Liysa Mendels

A race-runner filtering my mind.
Goosebumps prickle my spine.
I crave perfection, angered by disabilities.
A black curiosity swallows me,
I cough up tears.
Ashamed of a lack of confidence.
Choking on a river of muddy accomplishments
Convulsing self worth.
What lies before me quivers, as my victories
collapse from self-constructed foundations.
Small surrender tugs me, whisks me away.
The humanities thrust at me are revolting.
Characteristics of fish.
Writhing serpents of truth bubble deliciously to
the believing surface.
My maddening love affair with glowing.
Nothing satisfies addiction.





Painting by Alison Singer

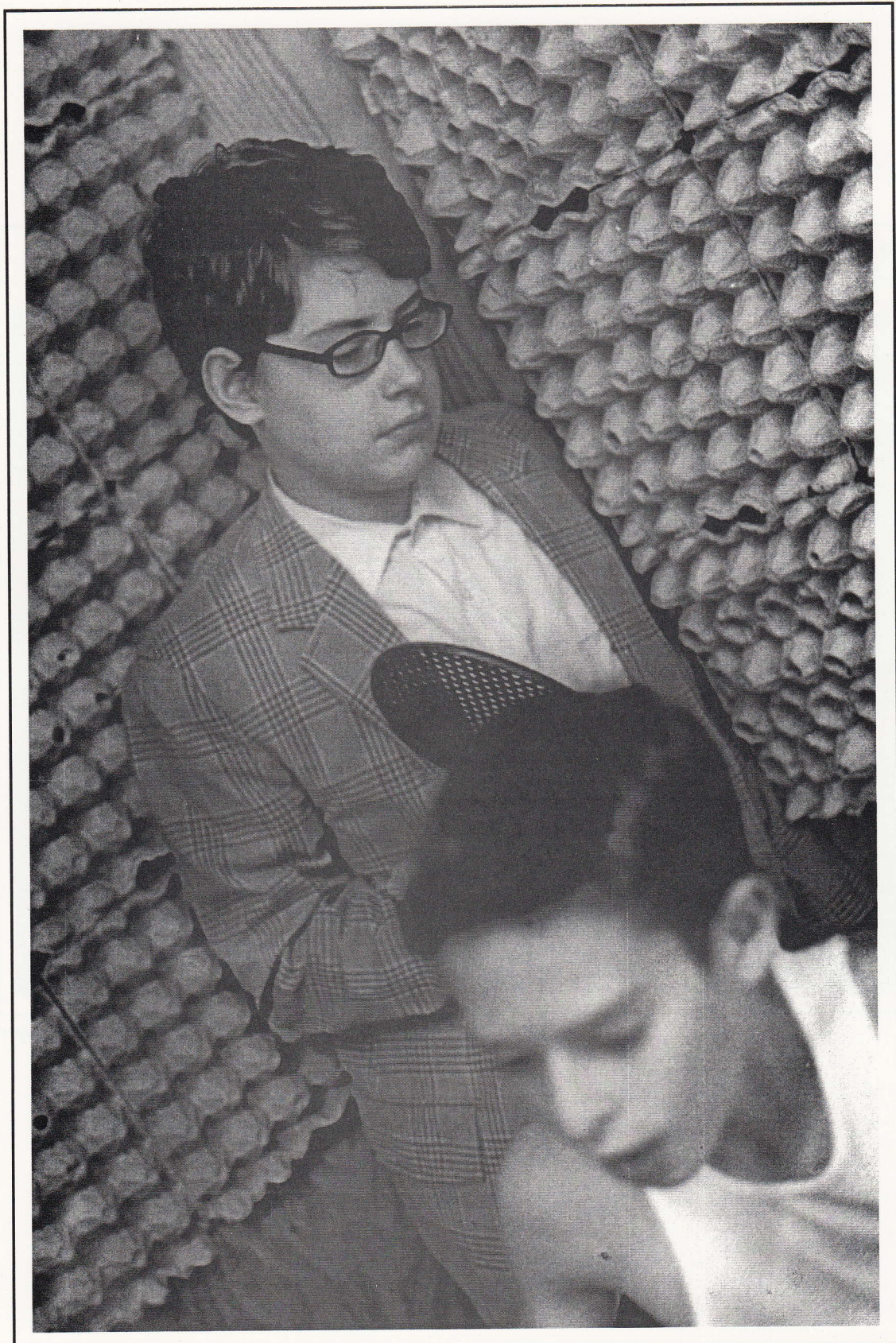


Photo by Toby Squier-Roper

Dark Ceremony

by Joshua Feintuch

A crowd gathered; some were cheering, others were jeering. The sun shone brightly for it was the middle of day, but it felt to some as though it was the darkest night. All the crowd knew that the ritual ceremony, dating back hundreds of years, would induct the guest of honor into a position of nobility for years to come.

The guest rested his hand on the book. The book revered by the same religious subculture which favored suffering to healing and censorship to freedom. He recited a meaningless pledge to this subculture's ultimate deity as the crowd's noise intensified.

Over the previous few months, a bitter war had been waged between this guest and another man who hoped to save the nation from being empowered by such an evil man. According to most, the opponent had won fairly, but had somehow lacked the power to claim his rightful throne.

His opponents were infuriated; he had stolen his new rank, or so they believed. But nothing could be done. The ceremony was over. George W. Bush was president.



Vengeance

by Rebecca Clark

A python in a bush strikes out at its prey.
Though they aren't beings that have the ability to comprehend vengeance,
They embody the physicality of this feeling.

Anger and revenge partake in the making of vengeance.
It tends to build up on you like a ton of bricks until your back collapses and the anger is released in a methodical manner.

We being vengeful you need to first have a motive.
There has to be some kind of reason for the way you intend on acting.
Sometimes you can be spiteful, and other times you can have all the reason in the world.
You see there is no one specific way you have to go about doing this.

People bring vengeance upon themselves by sometimes doing silly or petty things.
Others can intentionally be a bastard and hurt someone's ego or pride with spiteful words or actions. If the person is brave, has a strong will, you most likely will not get away with what you have done. For as they say, "what goes around, comes around."



Oppression

by Liysa Mendels

Why do you try so hard to change me?

I am not you.

I am who I am and I'll be who I'll be,

And if I am wrong, I am wrong.

If I am right I am not semi-right,

Owing you credit.

My soul will not be a prisoner-product of
YOUR morals, YOUR values, YOUR imagination.

I do not want your ethics or manners.

I want your trust, camaraderie, smiles.

You told me you loved me as I was,

And promptly corrected me.

Do not enjoy me.

Take back all your sunshine,

For what good is it to glow in the light,

And lose yourself in the dark?

I will not lie to me.

I would rather disappear in the black,

Escaping forever your tyrannical palm.



Lost

by Judy Yerukhovich

Lost

deep dark weak

lost in the dark

her soul

weeps

her mask

has been torn

off

her soul

exposed

with her mask she

is

everything you are

not

brave wild

free

now

she sits and weeps

praying

for an outstretched

hand

begging

for someone

someone to

love her

someone to save her soul

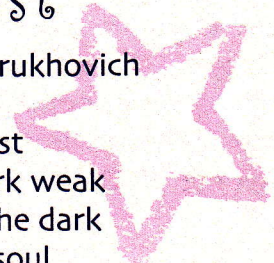




Photo by Ben Folit-Weinberg

Homes

By Joanna Rifkin

So here am I, at home once more,
And, in a while, I'll leave.
This wooded place is all my own-
A tapestry I weave.

Too soon, too soon to home I'll go-
A home apart from here.
My ten-month home, my city house:
I live there through the year.

And thence I'll fly an ocean wide,
A third home I shall seek.
A land of drizzles, clouds, and fog-
I'm there for but a week.

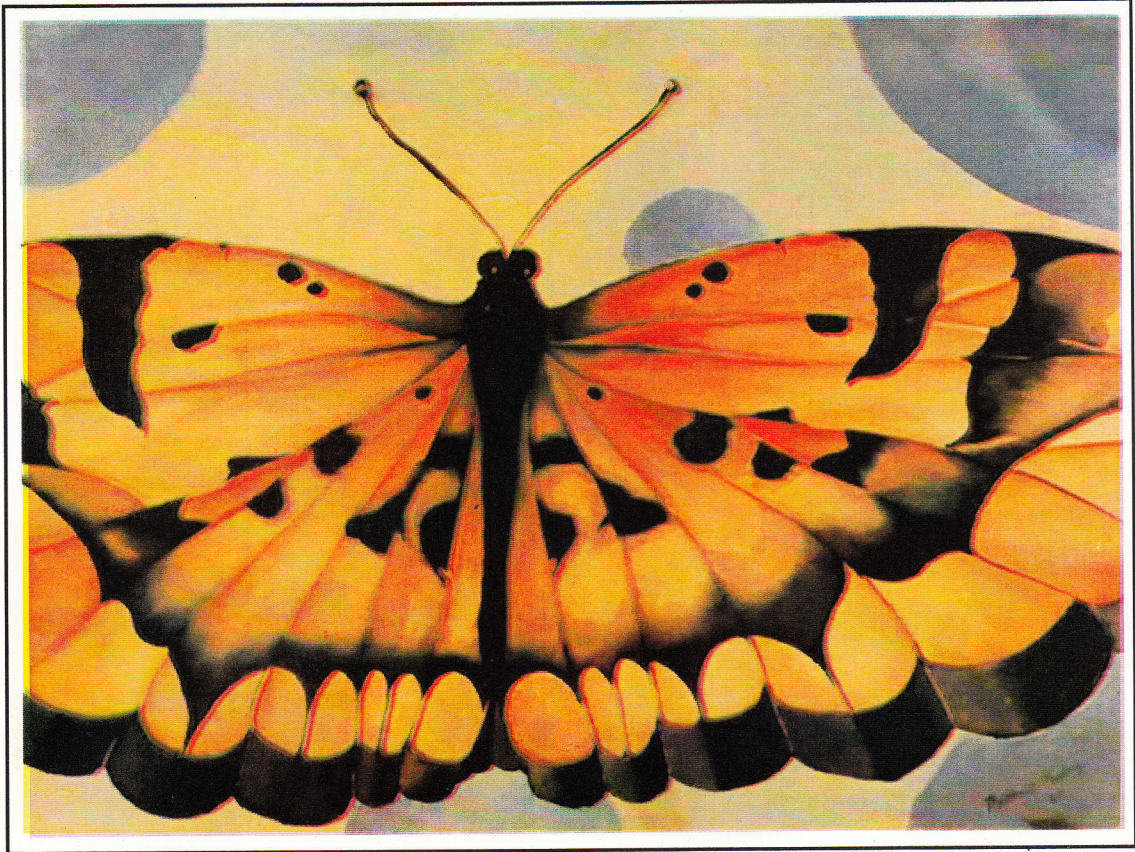
But here I am, though soon I'll go:
The summer months are mine
To share with here, a place I love
'Neath maple, beech, and pine.

Imagine.

Dreamed up by Yale Everett Spector,
Head D'ni Guildsman.

Imagine Dreams.
Unchangeable, Untouchable.
Nothing, as if in an Infinity of prisons.
Eating Away Reality.
Fake, as the Cheetah is Swift.
But I can Not Write Dreams.
I Write Worlds.
Imagine Worlds.
Inscribed yet Now Unbound.
Ages, conjured up with Ink and Paper.
Worlds of unseen Magnitude.
I touch them.
I feel them.
I Hear the Crickets Chirping in the West, and the Wind
Blowing in my Hair.
Speaking.
Screaming.
Rewriting Those Fragments Beneath my Feet.
And I Touch Them...

...and they are Real.



Painting by Matthew Kudry



Drawing by Kate Selbert

July 26, 2001

Dear Amy,

You are too young to know who I am, but let's just say that I am a great admirer. My name is Emily, and I met you during your (and my) first year at Buck's Rock.

Being a first year camper (and a first year sleep-away camper) meant that I would be a complete stranger to everyone I met, and that I would definitely be homesick. Before leaving for camp, my sister (who can be considered the "typical younger sister") wrote in my school yearbook "smile for god sakes." Truthfully, I didn't know if I could pull it off. Being seventeen isn't easy. Angst is not my friend.

When I met you for the first time, I was overjoyed by your response. You have the most beautiful smile I have ever seen. You pulled me in. As the days passed, you continued to smile and react to me. This is when I knew that I had found a friend in you.

Not only have you inspired me to write this letter, but you have inspired me to smile. This is usually the hardest thing for me, considering everyday life and its continual stresses. But I have heard rumors that smiling at one stranger will raise his or her self-confidence. Your warmth has inspired me enough to realize this. Everyone who meets you is very lucky, and I consider myself extremely lucky to be your friend. Who cares if I am almost eighteen years older than you?!

I was a little shy to write this. I didn't know I was going to be asked to submit it to the yearbook. I felt like a seven-year-old for even writing it, but then I realized that what I had to say went beyond how I felt about saying it. You must continue to smile, whatever happens. I would like to thank you so much for taking an interest in me. I know that is your job as an eleven month old: to take in the scenery, smile and make friends, and learn about the world. Thank you for doing your job so well.

I love you and your family so dearly. You are like my camp family, and I hope that you all keep in touch.

Love always and forever,

Emily Friedhoff





Photo by Ben Robertson

Propaganda

by Laura Staffaroni

Start from the top and work your way up
That way even if you do wrong
You will just fall back to the top
And not go all the way back to the bottom
Then you can ascend again
Til you are the greatest of all
You may not always stay there long
But at least you won't be lop
-ped from your high position
By the censure of a pen
Wielded only by human hands
That can't be right, you say? it's corrupt
From the inside out you'd see rotten
Though its glitter may be very tall
And glitzy is its predisposition
When on Earth from a mind it lands.



Dwindle

by Sara Schneider

I sifted through our box of memories
And pulled out experiences, tattered along the edges.

Trying to seal up the gap in me
That you left wide open,
I fell into the abyss of your echoes
And never quite returned.

I tried to feed my insatiable hunger
By drawing on old memories,
So worn down that they crumbled at the thought.

Instead I was left with a famine
That bore a hollow hole in the spot
Where you used to hold my hand.

Lonely hours crawled by
As I waited for your lingering voice to dwindle
And your place in my memory to fade completely...

But I fell into the abyss of your echoes
And I never quite returned.





Photo by Cindy Heslin

Fireworks

by D. S. K. Shad

That night I dreamt.

I was on a hill, sitting with my back against a rise of earth. My legs were outstretched, everything below the knees dangling off the ledge I was on.

Somewhere below me someone lit a firework, and it raced up to meet me, exploding with a dazzling spark of colors.

In its light, I could see the form of someone working her way over to me, wearing a dress of some shade of dark blue or purple, long hair brilliantly reflecting the light of the fireworks. It was Clare, I knew, but as I started up to greet her, I realized she was already only a few feet from me. She started to sit in my lap, then looked at me and smiled.

"Is that all right with you?" She asked, and when I nodded she continued to sit. She sat as I did, her head to my chest and her feet dangling off the ledge.

As I put my hands on the ground from behind my head, they landed on hers, and she brought them up to her stomach. We lay there for a long time, as fireworks were lit from far below, and continued to explode all around us.

"Beautiful, aren't they?" Clare asked.

I loved her, and sought for an answer to express that.

"Not really." I replied. When she turned her head to look at me, startled, I continued. "Not compared to you."

Slowly, her eyes closed, and her breathing became slow and steady. She was asleep. I rested my head on her shoulder and wished for this night to go on forever. An impossible wish, I told myself, for everything ends sooner or later.

While looking up at the stars, it did end,

And I woke up

Wall of Silence

(the confessions of a disgruntled superhero)

by Annie Schapira

At night, it seems, all the worries and problems, all the things I'm too busy to think about during the day, crawl out of the woodwork and into my head.

I do a good job of fooling the others. If they see me acting strangely, they make excuses. "She's stressed. This battle or that was too much for her." But I think that on some level, they sense it.

Most superheroes have goals and enemies and powers, but not all of them have benevolent advisors. We (and yes, there is a "we" — we're a team, for what it's worth) have one. It wasn't by our consent; it just sort of happened. I tell myself that he gave me a life that was real. He helped us find our strengths and become who we are. I suppose these things are true, but...

But sometimes there's a rebel voice, speaking to me when my mind isn't cluttered with other pursuits. "Whatever strength you have," it says, "comes from you. Not from them, and certainly not from him. What do you think you're doing?"

"I'm fighting for the greater good," I reply.

"What greater good?" the rebel voice asks. "Greater than what?"

"Greater than..." I struggle to find an answer to that, and fail. "What I want is to help protect the world from evil."

"What you want? Or what he wants?"

"What's the difference?"

"Ah," says the rebel voice. "I rest my case."

This is what I know we do: fight to protect a world that, for some reason, is also the target of all kinds of less benevolent individuals. You can't go as far as I've gone without wondering whether we're really making a difference, whether we can really "make" them understand, whether it's worth it. Whether saving people who don't want (need?) to be saved makes us noble, or just proves that we're living, well, in a dream world.

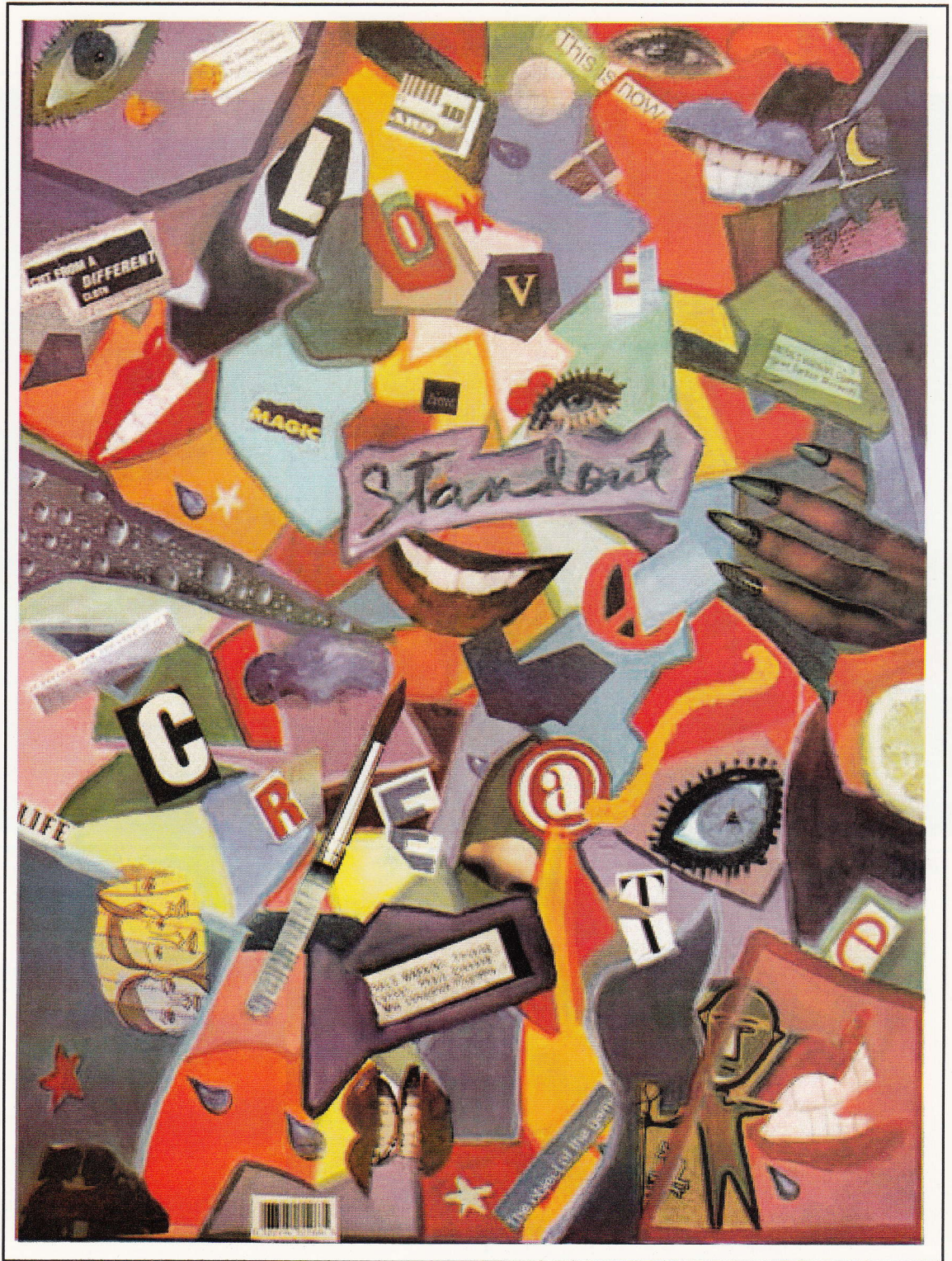
There's an unspoken law here: our advisor is always right. He rescued us, he taught us, and in return, we're dedicating our lives to fighting for this crazy dream. You might wonder why we always obey him. You might conclude that we have forgotten how to think for ourselves, that maybe someone is deliberately controlling our minds.

You would be wrong. When we say that he's always right, it isn't because it's never occurred to us that he could be wrong. It's because, over and over, it has occurred to us. But if he's wrong, we've wasted our lives, based our existence on a fool's quest. If he is wrong, if the world isn't worth saving, or if we're not humanity's last hope, then what are we even doing?

For the sake of my sanity, I have to ignore the rebel voice, and pretend that I never feel like crying when he refers to us as "his," to pretend that everything will be all right in the morning.

And that's the scary part — everything will. Tomorrow, I'll have other things (and perhaps other people) to occupy my mind, other battles to fight, and something will happen to make me wonder why I thought of rebelling in the first place.

"Wake up," I whisper into the dark. "Wake up." I'm not sure whether I'm saying it to the others, or to myself.



Painting by Brittany Speisman



Photo by Gabriel Jakubowicz

The Words that Changed My Life

by Kate Blaustein

*This poem is dedicated to Oscar, my loving dog, who I hope
will live the short remainder of his life as happily as possible.*

He's my favourite thing in the whole wide world,
With his furry face and tail,
The way he sat, so tightly curled,
He was my Shih-Tzu male.

We rescued him four years ago,
When he was seven years old,
His old family neglected him so,
He was thrown in a kennel, I'm told.

We made him healthy-gave him shots,
And made his pneumonia go.
But from his gross neglect,
His heart would always beat slow.

For three whole years he was fine,
But all of a sudden got bad.
What we thought had been only a cold,
Was really heart failure he had.

We kept him for months on end,
Through two heart-attacks and a stroke,
His medicines upped by ten,
And of him, I always spoke.

Spending all summer at camp,
I often spoke with my mom,
I told her what was up,
And sometimes I'd sing her a song.

'How is Oscar?' I'd always ask,
For he worsened every day,
My mother would never answer-
She told me about her day.

I now was beginning to worry-
I knew something just wasn't right,
I dreaded the day she would tell me,
"He had died in the middle of the night."

Age Three With Tears To Fill A Sea

by Michelle Iseman

She plays with her Barbie and her Ken.
Her parents argue and they yell.
She's told that she's loved, that it's not her fault.
She's living in her parents' hell.

A punch and kick now and then,
Sends blood to mix on the floor.
Their daughter watches and they don't care,
For they don't know she watches through the door.

The insults are thrown back and forth.
The words hurt her more than they know.
She watches them fight, and watches them cry.
These memories will forever scar her once naive soul.

—July 12, 2001

Pinball

by Joshua Feintuch

Sometimes, in life, you'd probably like to just shake the board. Who cares about a tilt? You still have three balls left and a couple more quarters. As if it really were so simple.

Maybe you had a perfect launch. Perhaps, as the knob pushed your silver ball to the top of the playing field, you didn't run into any traps, didn't lose any points. That still doesn't mean that someday soon you won't just miss the flipper button and watch yourself fall into the chasm which you know means death.

On the way, there are usually many obstacles. Meet bonus points. Get enough bonus points or you will feel inadequate. You won't make it onto the list of great players, you'll just be losing your ball before you knew what happened. Of course, there are always those few who have to hit every bonus and keep the ball in play for hours upon hours upon hours. They always have to make your game look worthless by comparison.

Some, perhaps the wisest of all, don't care about the score board. They don't care that they didn't hit a perfect jackpot, or get the triple-ball bonus. They just play for fun. They don't care what their score says.

Or so they pretend.

Because no matter how magnanimous you are in accepting that you can't be number one, can't enter your initials into the hall of fame for all the other arcade-goers to see, can't make yourself a role model for aspiring young players, the fact still exists that you would want to be that, given the choice. It burns at you, eats away at your brain, tears your ball across the field until you grow so angry you press the flipper button so hard that it gets stuck in the game board and you have to call an expert to get it unstuck for you.

An expert... someone who can do something you can't.

Of course, one cannot be so cynical about those who shame them without seeing the ones who want to help. Who cares that you just lost a ball? Here, next ball try this. Do that with the flippers.

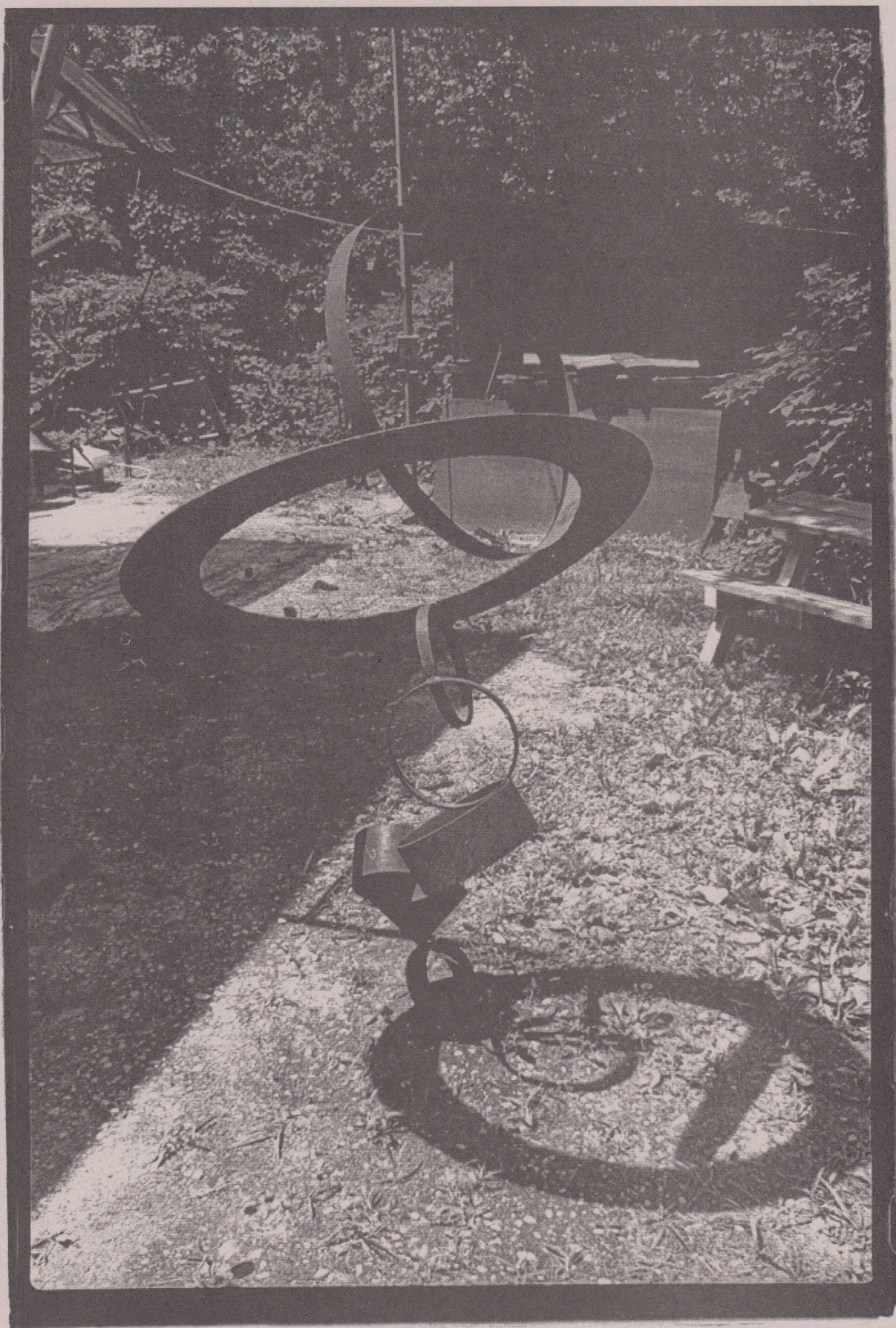


Photo by Jason Chu

Maybe you can do better next time. The people who care only to help you even when it couldn't possibly serve their interests. They make it so much more fun to play, and yet their motive is unclear.

But you stop thinking about them and the other players when you're playing. Unless you're one of them, you only think about yourself, talk with other players only when it can benefit you in the long run. You're a different person than they are. It's impossible to comprehend why the different types of people act so differently; they simply are different.

You, instead, think about the physics of the game. When the ball drops down low, you frantically jab the flippers, needing to save the ball from an instant end to all of its ventures... forever... yet the flippers swing it back up high, to accumulate points and head for the board of the great achievers. The ball will fall through, where none can save it from death, when you least expect it to.

And, as much as you might try to control it through cleverness with the flippers, the ball's movement through the game is quite unpredictable. You can guide it, but it can stray from the path you anticipated and do whatever it wants, perplexing onlookers and taking you for a ride which can only end in one thing: the failure of love, help, and everything else. It's inevitable; it will happen. There will be the day when the ball just drops lifelessly.

Game over.




The Morning's Struggle

by Sarah Hoyer

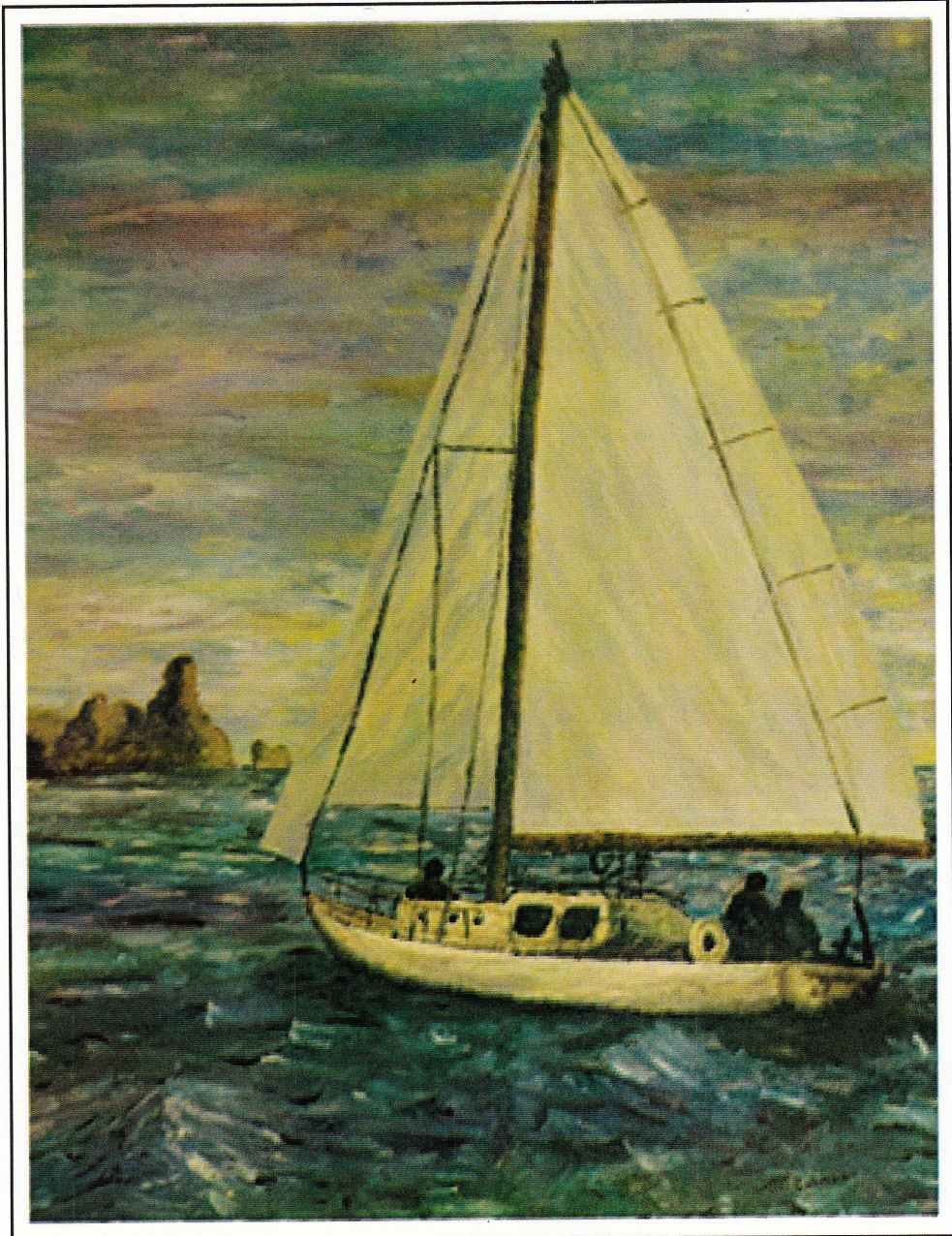
As I brush away the drowsy droplets of sleep
And creak open the hinges on my eyelids
The loving sun weaves its way through my screen
And gentle warmth caresses my tired body.

The air is alien still, I shy away
My eyelids begin to blink a rapid dance
Until finally the night wins again
And sleep captures my mind once more.





Photos by Vicki Litvinov



Painting by Clio Calman

The Ultimate Dinner

by Matt Chester

I was asked to dinner with David to "settle our differences." We had been feuding for quite a long time, he and I. It was really our very contradictory work styles-our opinions clashed so often, so heavily, that it began to bleed into our relationship. We haven't spoken in eons. However, we will have to come to terms at some point. I believe (we both believe?) that we are two halves of a whole. Therefore, if we can't sort ourselves out, your people will be doomed to walk blindly a winding path.

Oh ... I haven't explained to all of the readers who we are. You see, David isn't even his real name. In fact, one cannot even define either of us as a "male." Our true forms are far beyond your comprehension. I use the name "David" for my counterpart and the name "Jerry" for myself because it makes the purpose of this story much easier. Our actual names are impossible to say on your universe. Perhaps you will know me by your names for me.

Kami, to the Shinto. Allah, to the Muslim. Adonai, to the Hebrew. Jehovah, to the Christians. I have several names for the Hindi, and hundreds more for every religion that has, and will exist. David has a very similar amount. The devil, for one. Then there's Satan, Lucifer, Mephistopheles, etc. Our "Work" as I explained in the above paragraph involves the upkeep of the Universe you live in, not to mention your species at large. Me and David, as your many religious books have guessed, are both at a standstill between issues.

David decided that we meet at Daniel's, a popular restaurant in the city of New York. I got there on time, but I always knew in the back of my head that he would show up late. So, I chomped on complementary focaccia bread and my favorite wine. After five minutes of waiting, I ordered. Perhaps because I thought David wasn't going to show up, perhaps because I knew he would. When he came in, I sipped from my goblet delicately, grinning at David. I munched on my appetizer of clams and pasta slowly, savoring my subtle and polite returning of his blow. He pretended not to care, and acted as graceful and handsome as he usually enjoys presenting himself. He looked like a young chap, with blonde hair and a muscular physique, dressed in designer clothing.

"Gosh, what a nice suit. Is that wool right from the lamb or did you wait a minute for the dirt to get out," were David's first words to me. I retorted back, "I thought you didn't like to constrict yourself to these people." A look of agitation flashed in his face, subtle as it was. It took him only a fraction of a moment to make a witty comeback. "I don't. I just enjoy making myself presentable when I'm around them. You, however, can't seem to part from them. The fact that you wanted to meet on their turf is proof enough of that."

We had only spoken to each other for a few minutes, and already we were on shaky ground. I regained my composure, and tried to remember that we were here to reconcile, not to heat up our problems with petty insults. "Listen, why don't we just stop this. So why don't you order, and we'll try speaking on good terms."

"Fine," said David, almost grudgingly, like he thought this little exchange of wit was amusing. We did stop, but we said nothing for the longest time. I sat there, my plate empty, concentrating hard on my wine goblet (my second glass, and we were just on the appetizers). Neither of us wanted to break the ice, fearing that it would be mistaken for an apology, some kind of apathy for what's been done. So we sat there. I with my wine, he with his food, sitting. Making a desperate attempt not to make eye contact with one another.

I don't know how long this went on. It could have been for five minutes, it could have been a half hour. It felt longer than both. But silence isn't entertaining, nor is it very interesting to read about. So, after this interval, I finally said something.

I sat in my seat, my right hand on the table, my left playing with the saltshaker. I stared at what little remained of my pasta appetizer, and barely breathed the words, "You remember when they first guessed that we existed?" Feeling David's hot, cynical breath almost breathing down my shirt collar, I corrected myself. "I don't mean the people that thought there were dozens of us, one for every damned aspect of their lives," I said while I forced a chuckle, hoping he would refrain from comment. "But finally figured out that there were just two of us. You remember that?"

David furrowed his dirty blond eyebrows, and looked at me, knowing that I was desperately trying to kindle a conversation. The edges of his mouth curved slightly in satisfaction. He wanted to say, "Ha, 2 to 1, my serve!" as I knew that he would react. But he knew my intentions were good, simply said, "Yes."

"You had said that you weren't surprised that they had figured it out. You said, 'as one becomes more intelligent and more calculating, one starts asking questions. It was inevitable that at least one of their guesses would embody the correct answer.' You remember that?"

He chuckled and said, sarcastically, "My, my, you're quoting my proverbs now? Sounds like somebody's groveling." My eyes lifted up from my stained plate and finally met his. I knew he would do that, I thought. So, I scorned him as much I scorned myself.

"Dammit, David, do you have to put down everything I say? You know I try to start a conversation, I try to relieve this tension, and you sit there grinning, putting me down..."

David put both his forearms up, trying to stop my sudden flood of rage, and said, "Whoa, Whoa, Whoa, there, cowboy! I was just making a joke! Since when are you so sensitive. Honestly you're..."

"Honestly, I'd think that your scathing, whimsical little jokes are getting on my nerves. You know I'm starting to doubt that this meeting was good idea..."

David held my arms, which were flailing about at the time in my rage, and tried to calm me down. "Okay, listen. I apologize. I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. You know me, I say what's on my mind, and it was stupid of me to say that. But, as I was saying before, I honestly think you're a little too tense tonight. Look at you, you've already had two glasses of Bellet, and you're still wound like a spring!"

"Well, I think that you would understand why!" I said, rolling my eyes and sighing at the same time. He did similarly.

David, now regretful of making his comment, tried to get the conversation back on track again. "So go on. You were saying about when the people guessed about our existence?"

"Well, anyway, you said that you weren't surprised. That you had figured it out from the beginning. Well, it always amazed me. The fact that they never even saw us, that they never even knew of our existence, yet they still found out about us... it was just so wondrous. Like a baby child saying "mama" or "dada" for the very first time. You know that they are completely aware of your role in their creation and in their life to come, yet they had almost no way of knowing how, or why."



Painting by Michael Horwitz



Painting by Matthew Kudry

"Well, that aspect of it is correct. But like I said, once a being becomes intelligent enough it starts asking those questions. Like you made the baby analogy. Once a baby becomes intelligent enough, it will start wondering about its creation. It assumes that the parents, who are the closer to the child at that point than any other figure, were somehow involved. But, unlike what you said earlier, it doesn't know anything about how, or why, or when. Their Books, many of them have some kind of idea about how they were created. Like the Book called the Bible. It says that "God said let there be light, and there was light." It's a testament to how powerful the God must be. He just says that there should be light, and there is light. It doesn't say anything about the craft, or the actual process of creation."

I grinned, and said, "I wish we could just say the word and worlds would be made. It would be so much easier that way." My first joke of the evening. Maybe this conversation would work.

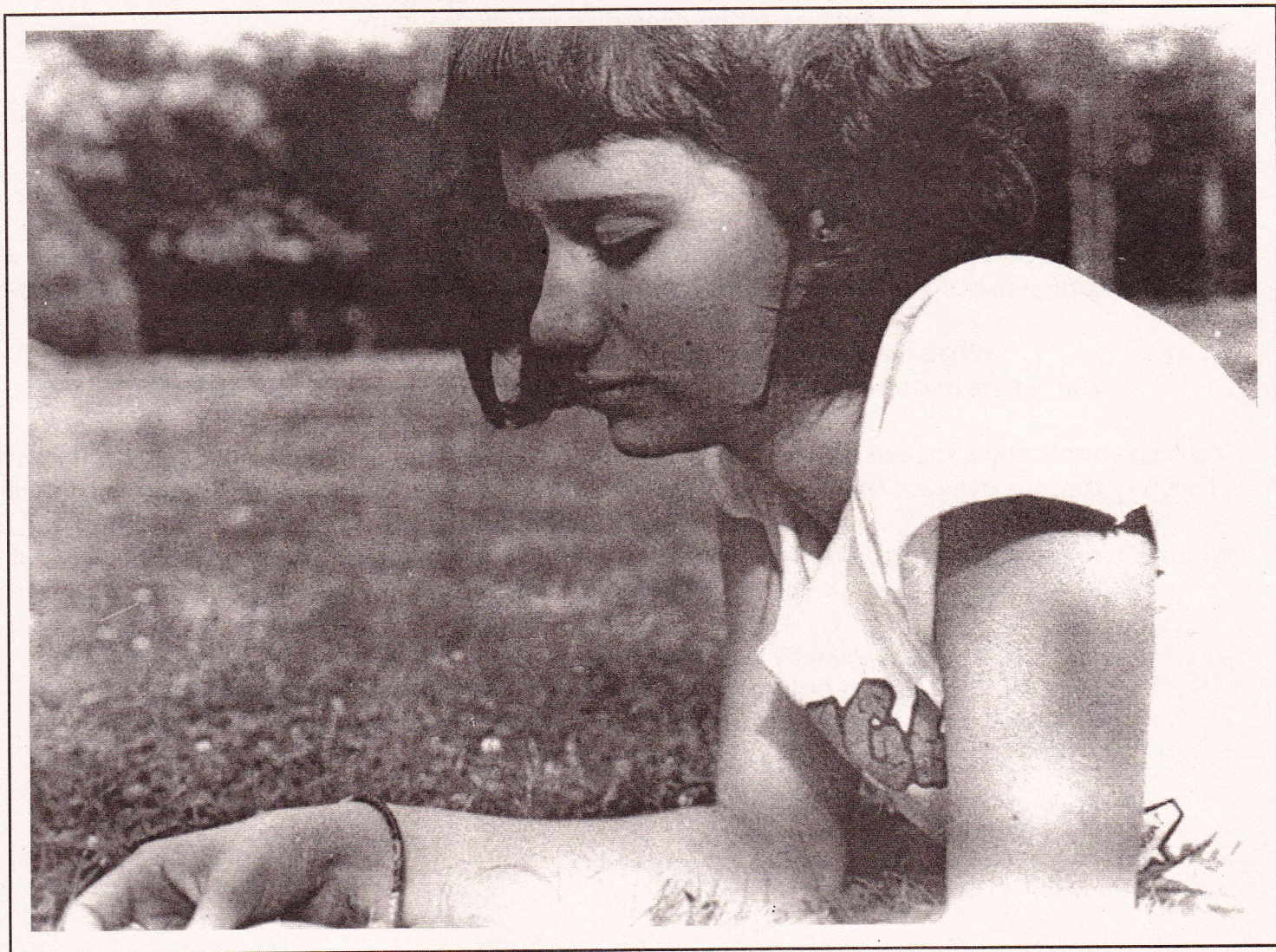



Photo by Mollie Laffin-Rose



Universal Urge

by Rebecca Clark

Love is easily mistaken with lust.
It is a widely known sexual urge, which is controlled by our libido.
Sometimes we feel this along with admiration or passion, or
We just feel it as plainly as a sexual or a physical desire.
This urge can drive us to do morally wrong things.
Such as acting degrading or inappropriate.
We tend to forget that there is such a thing as personal space.

Love isn't a real emotion,
It is rather a combination of many different feelings
Which are all felt at the same time.
Feelings like intrigue, or compassion.



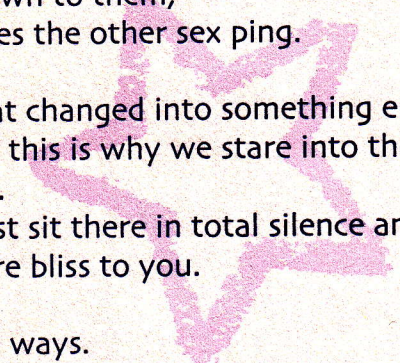
We also tend to become attached to a person when we share common likes and dislikes. Or when we have the same sense of Humor. Sometimes thought opposites can actually attract. We feel that we complete each other.

When we admire someone we also tend to be drawn to them,
You can be mysterious or courageous, but something makes the other sex ping.

You can connect by a sudden glance, or a long lasting friendship, that changed into something else.
They say that the eyes are the windows into a person's soul. Maybe this is why we stare into their eyes as opposed to their lips or hands.

When you know you have truly connected with someone you can just sit there in total silence and it won't be weird. Their presence in its self will be pure bliss to you.

Love can be an obsession or an addiction in ways.
We can feel longing or incomplete when separated from the person we love.
Some people think that they are in love when it is really purely a physical attraction.
Others never actually "fall in love."





Batik by Alison Singer

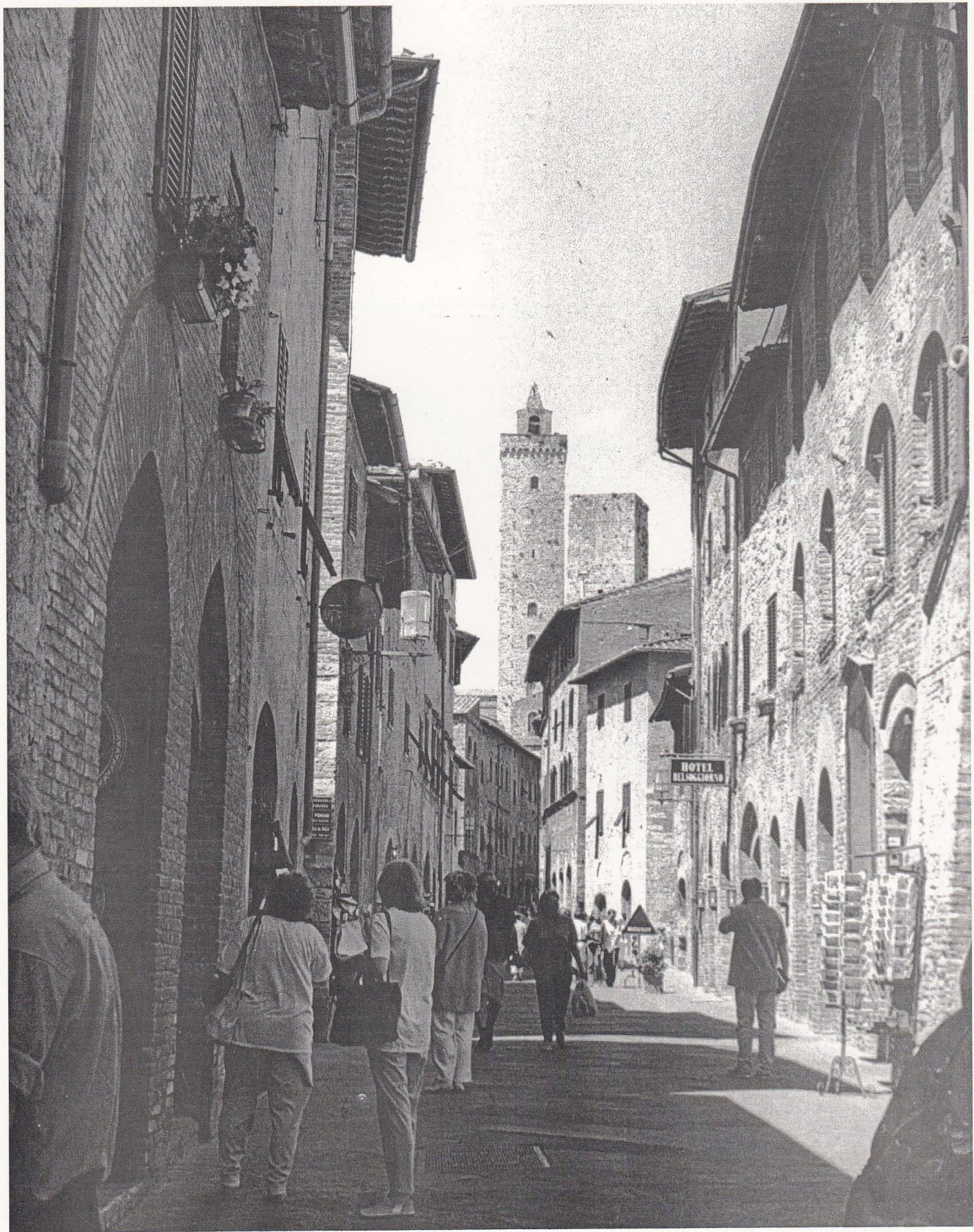


Photo by Ben Folit-Weinberg

Rambling Free

By Jeremy E. Pesner

This time it's not a joke. I seem to have lost my ability to ramble. I SERIOUSLY have no idea what to write this time. In the first rambling I wrote, I was also at a loss for inspiration, so I sat down and typed "If only I had something to submit to the Lit Mag." The rest of it kind of wrote itself. The second time I was also caught off guard and pressed for Lit Mag time, but what to write about came more clearly to me. But this time I sat down and tried to WRITE a ramble, which hasn't worked. So I'm seriously hoping that this will go somewhere. I'm sitting in front of The Rook, which has the most boring e-mail prohibition sign. ("I'm sorry, I can't be used to check e-mail.") I went to get some cookies with the hopeful intention of fueling my inspiration, but, predictably, they failed. They were good cookies nonetheless, though. So then, I asked a fellow Pubbie for some inspiration, and first he danced a crazy dance, whose chief purpose was not to inspire, but to annoy me. Then, he himself typed in this quote:

"People like to dance but when the chance arises they back down."

Maybe that will inspire me. I know that when I make an idiot of myself dancing (or doing anything, for that matter) I want to disappear. I guess some people are easily embarrassed. Dancing isn't the easiest thing to do, to be fair. It's just not easy to get up there and let yourself go. Some of us are just too shy. This quote is making it sound like shyness is a bad thing. Maybe it's more of a detriment than something useful, but I don't consider it something bad, persay. Some people are just quieter and more solitary than others. I know I'm not too quiet, but I require a lot of "alone time." And although I've danced, I've NEVER danced with a partner, only alone. Usually I do end up making an idiot of myself. So maybe self-confidence has a bit to do with it.

I'm watching Emily next to me revise her letter to Mike's daughter. I really don't know either Mike or his daughter at all. In fact, that reminds me of a quote from Reckless:

"Do we really know anybody?"

That's a very hard question. People say yourself is either the easiest or the hardest person for you to know, and I'm no philosopher, so I won't comment. But I hate to think that I don't know anybody. No one has ever told me what I have to do to KNOW someone, because you can't learn any one person. People are unpredictable and can never be fully learned. Although I wonder if I know ANYONE to the fullest extent it's possible to know him/her.

I hate it when I get like this. I really do. Life's too short to worry about things we'll most likely never know the answer to. It's big, intimidating, and scary, and I'd prefer not to tangle with it if I don't have to. It's like a Jimmy Hendrix quote:

"I don't like to think too much. I had a thought once."

Life's just pretty simple if you live the moment. People say material possessions have no value...

There I go again, dammit. Here, I'll explain my thoughts with a quote from You Can't Take It With You:

"Life's pretty simple if you let it come to you."

And it is. I thought about that play and it really seems that there's no reason we can't just relax and do what we want. I always wondered, though, how they got their money. It says grandpa received a yearly income of between three to four thousand dollars. Considering how much that was worth then, it makes no sense how he just gets that.

The very interesting thing is that I typed everything before the above paragraph last night. I was very tired, counselors were waiting in line for their e-mail, and bugs were everywhere. The deeper thoughts of life just seemed to come that much easier. But now, when I continue this at 10:21 am the next day, I seem unable to access the thoughts I had last night. Maybe it's that rap music playing. ("So young, so angry. Damn that rap music!" -the Chameleon of Dr. Doolittle 2) It's very strange.

I'm sorry to all of you who were expecting a humorous rambling, but I just didn't have it in me this time. Maybe next year I'll be able to ramble the whole summer long, but for right now, I'm just plain rambling.

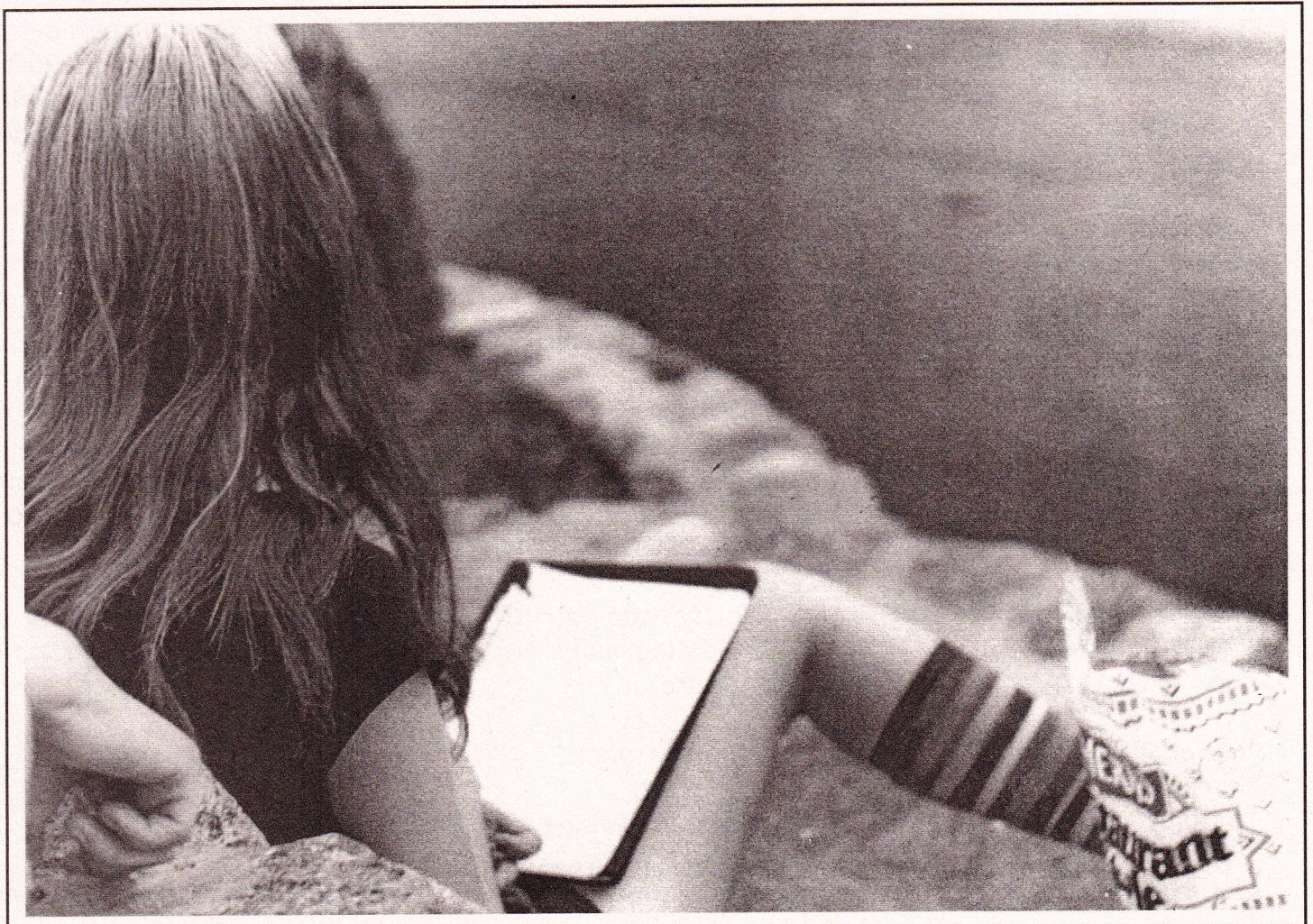


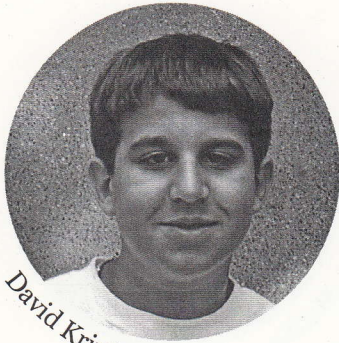
Photo by Liz Platt

Bunk Shots

"In my mind I can still hear his first day speech: 'This is not a make out camp, this is not a sex camp, this not a mary-a-wanna camp. This is a work camp...' Ernst was Buck's Rock and Buck's Rock was Ernst."

- Buck's Rock alumnus Bob Glembot
(from the official Buck's Rock Message Board, 2001)

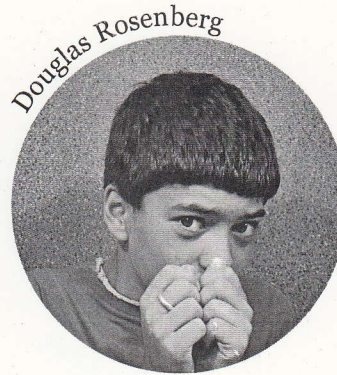
Boys House Up



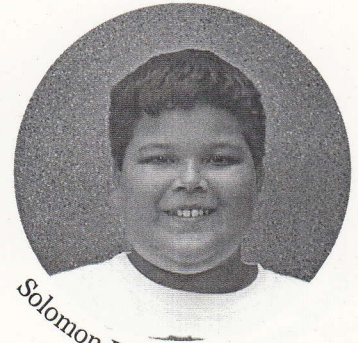
David Krinick



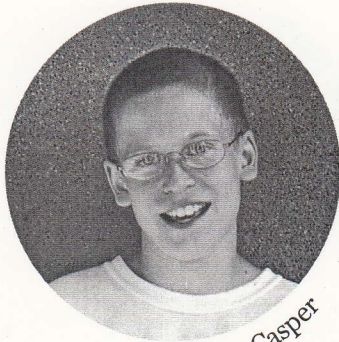
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Douglas Rosenberg



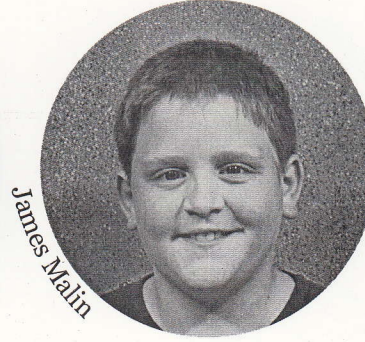
Solomon Barna



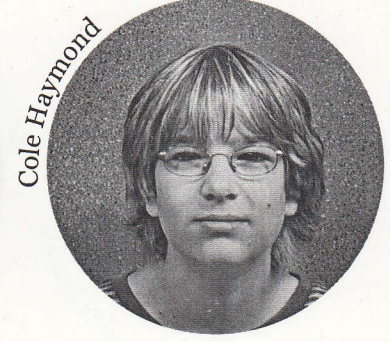
Gideon Casper



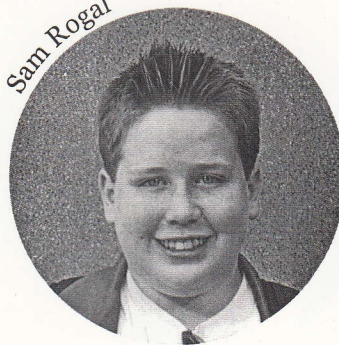
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James Malin



Cole Haymond



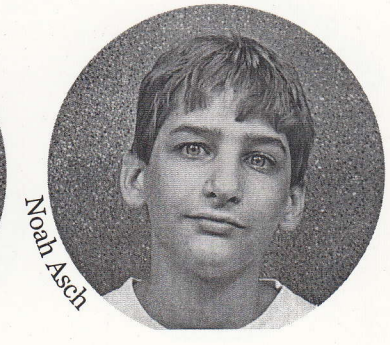
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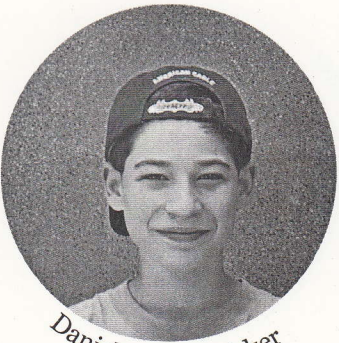
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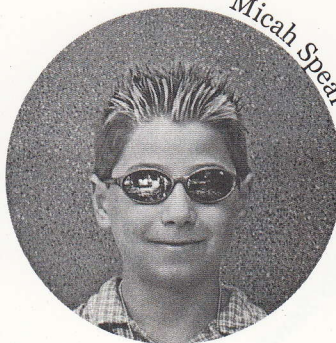
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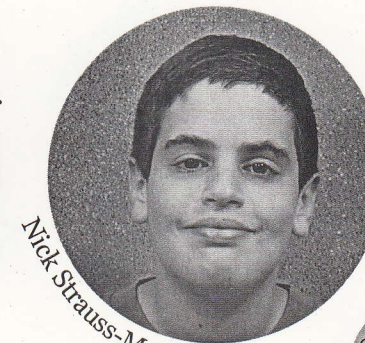
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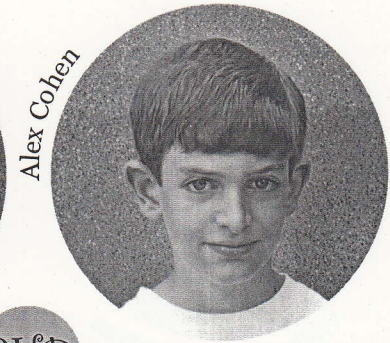
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Micah Spear



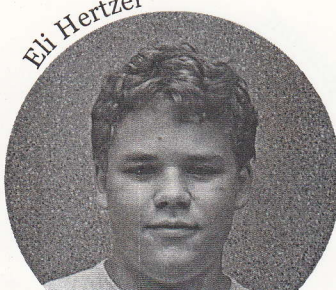
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Alex Cohen



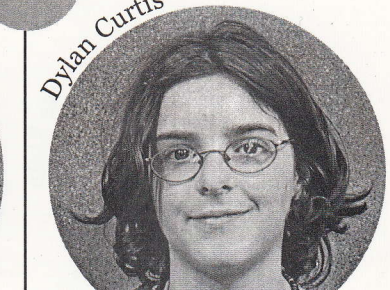
Jeff Festa



Eli Hertz



Jordan Leland



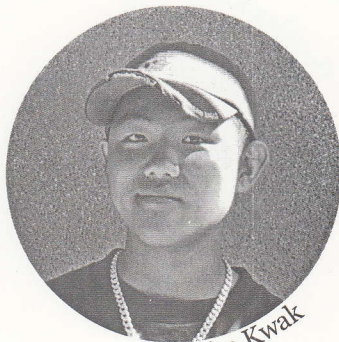
Dylan Curtis

BHD

Boys House Down



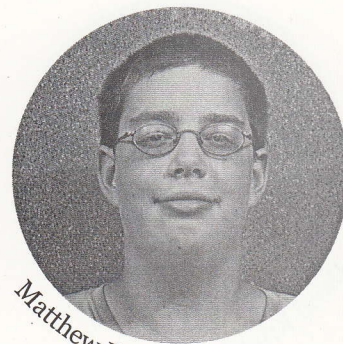
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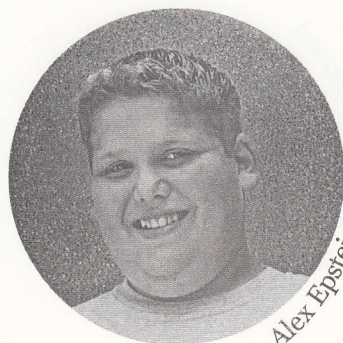
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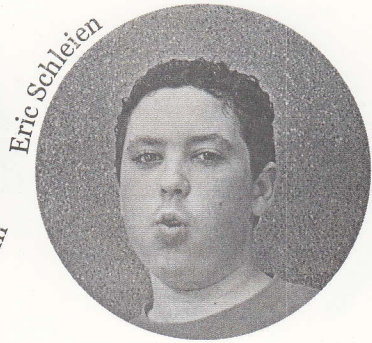
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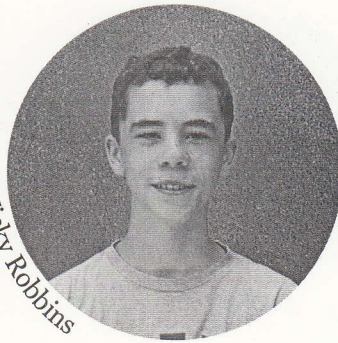
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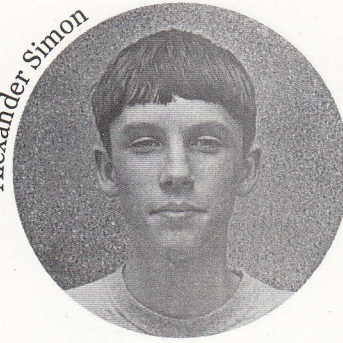
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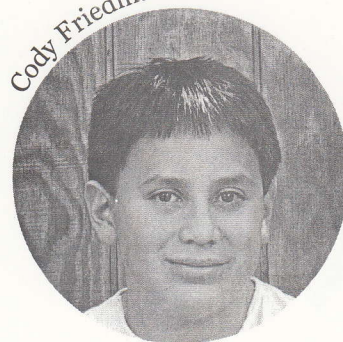
Eric Schleien



Nicky Robbins



Alexander Simon



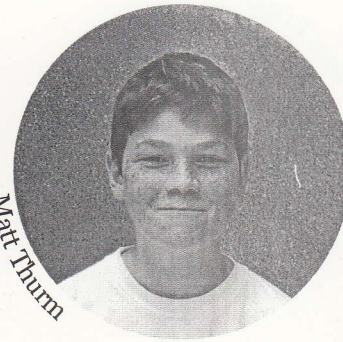
Cody Friedman



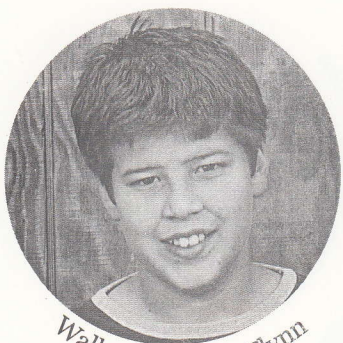
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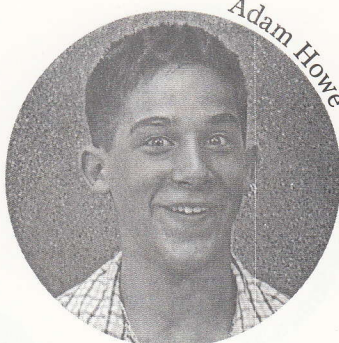
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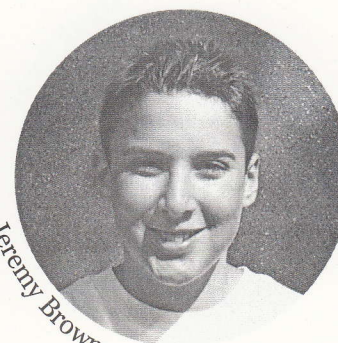
Matt Thurn



Walker Bronston-Flynn



Adam Howe



Jeremy Brown



Luke Geller



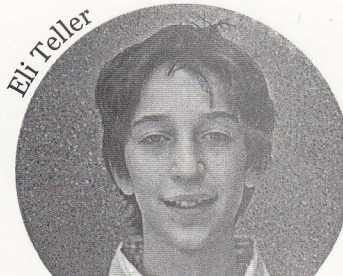
Jake Klein



Jonathan Baruc

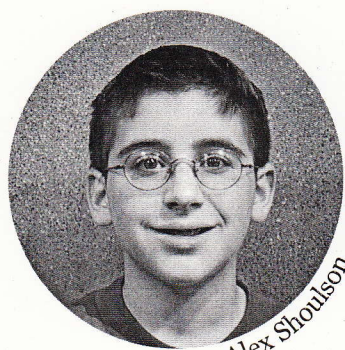


Aydin Hamami

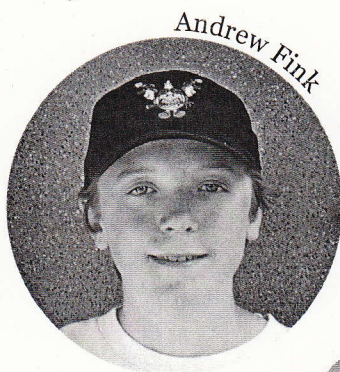


Eli Teller

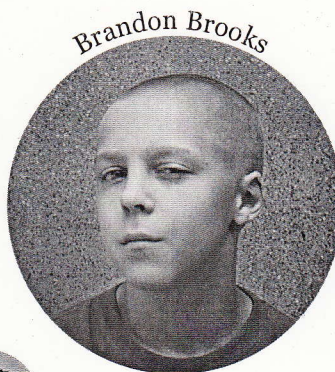
Boys House Down & Boys Annex



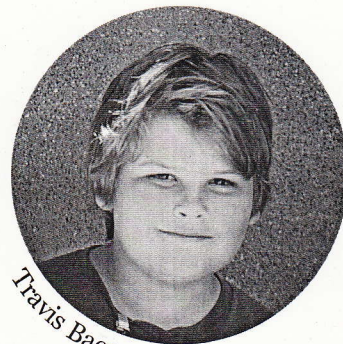
Alex Shoulson



Andrew Fink



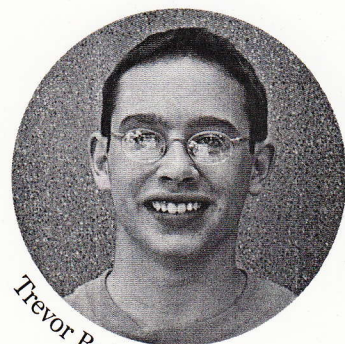
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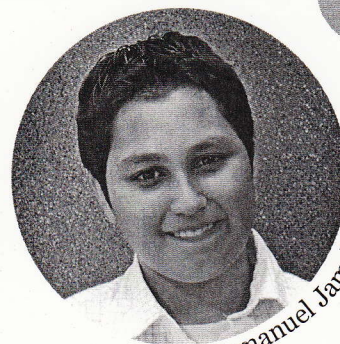
Travis Bacon

BHD

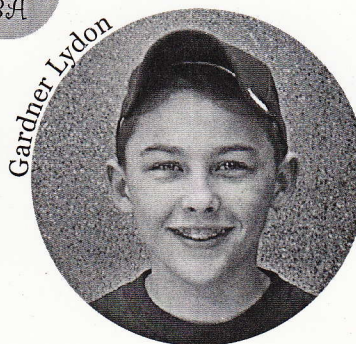
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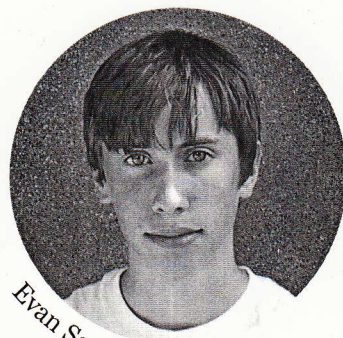
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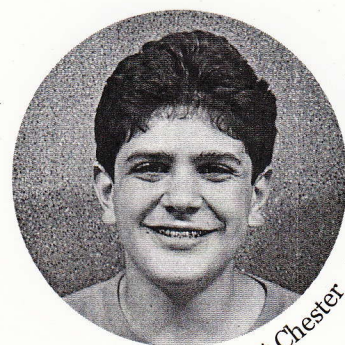
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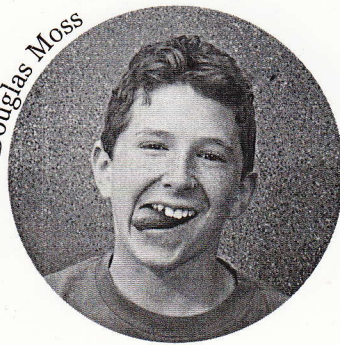
Gardner Lydon



Evan Scofield



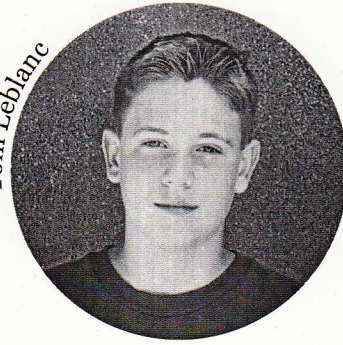
Matt Chester



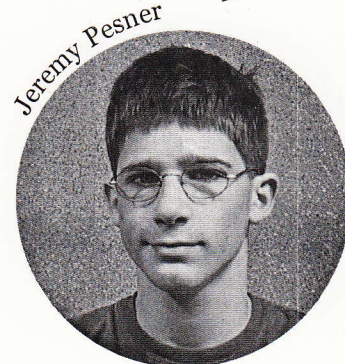
Douglas Moss



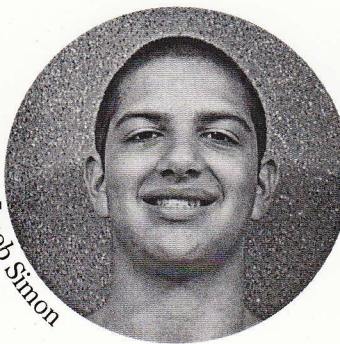
Michael Weiner



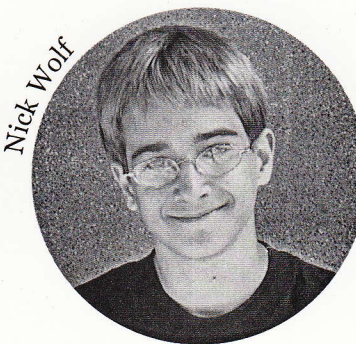
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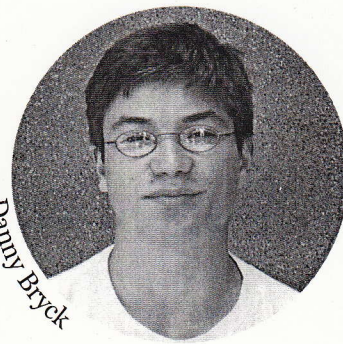
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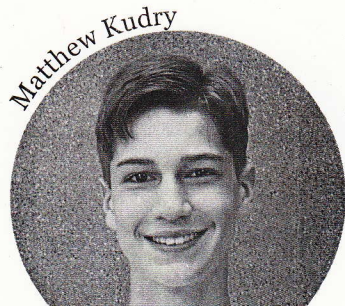
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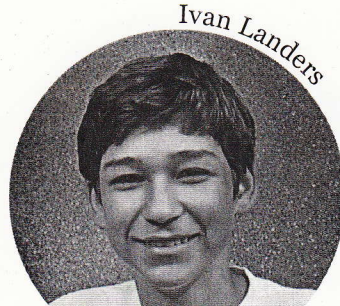
Nick Wolf



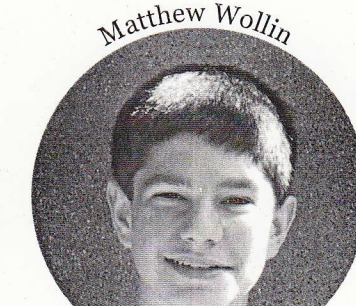
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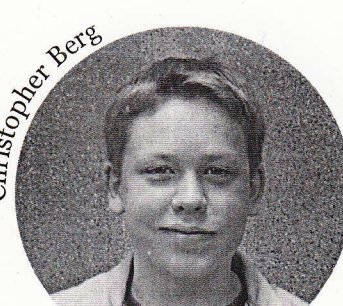
Matthew Kudry



Ivan Landers

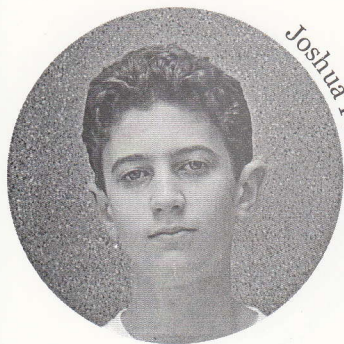


Matthew Wollin



Christopher Berg

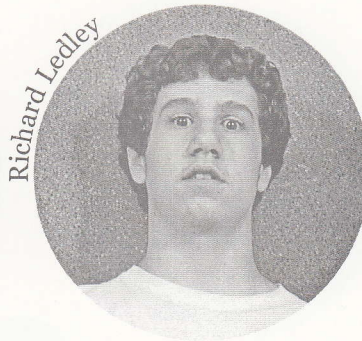
Boys Annex



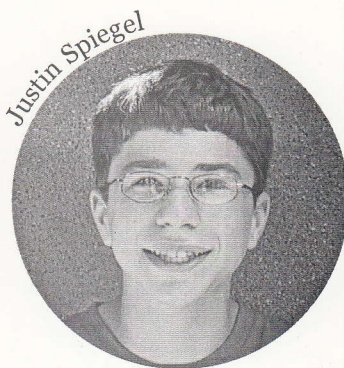
Joshua Feintuch



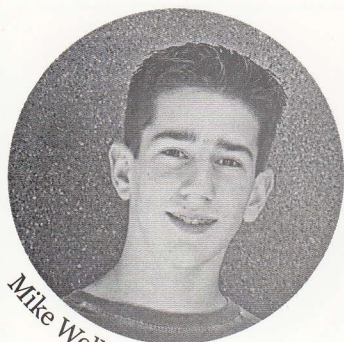
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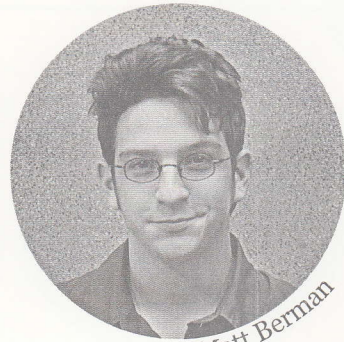
Richard Ledley



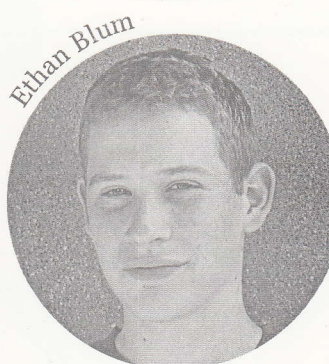
Justin Spiegel



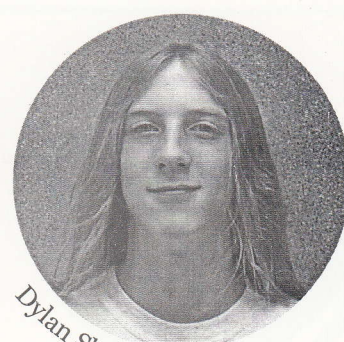
Mike Wellman



Matt Berman



Ethan Blum



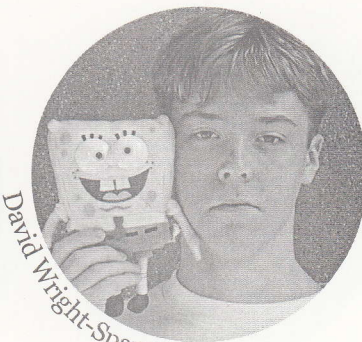
Dylan Shad



Travis Walker-Hodkin



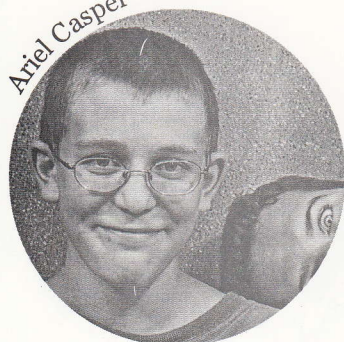
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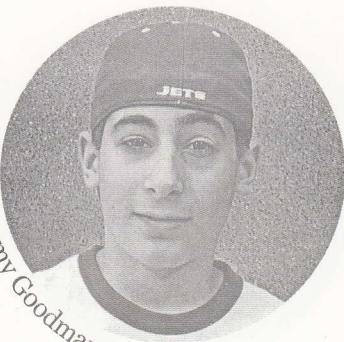
David Wright-Spaner



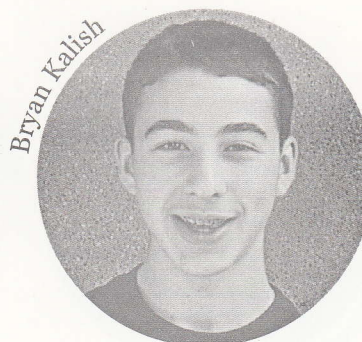
Christopher Blume



Ariel Casper



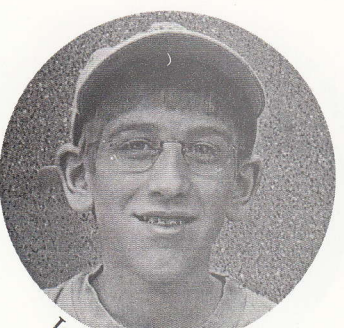
Jeremy Goodman



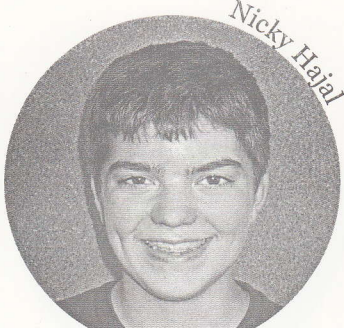
Bryan Kalish



Owen Schandle



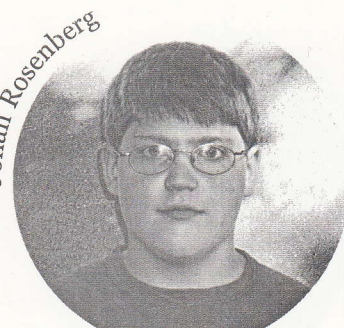
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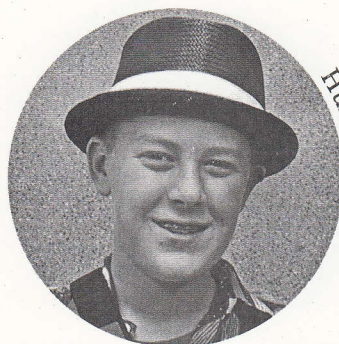
Jonathan I.



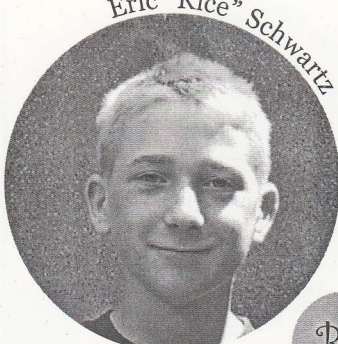
Jonah Rosenberg



Boys Cabins Down



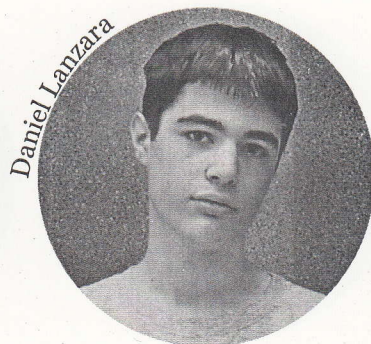
Hunter Shaw



Eric "Rice" Schwartz

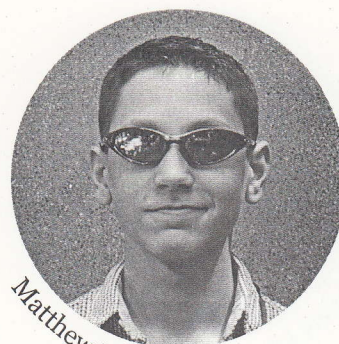


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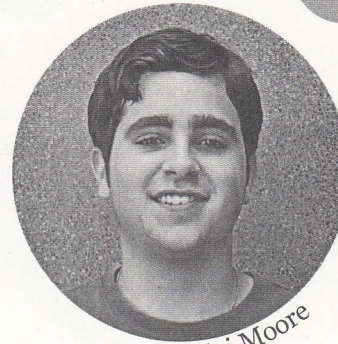


Daniel Lanzara

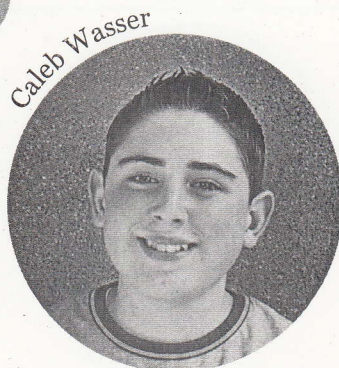
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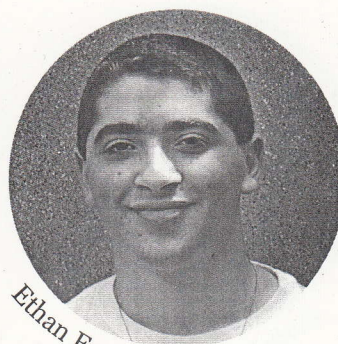
Matthew McGorry



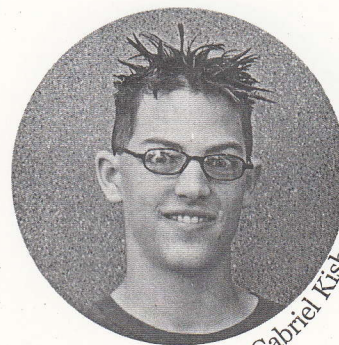
Ari Moore



Caleb Wasser



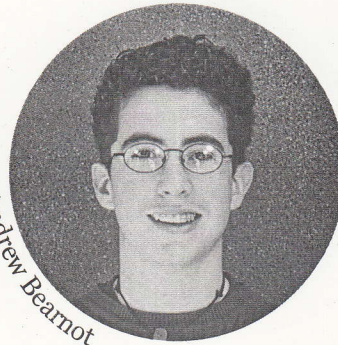
Ethan Feuer



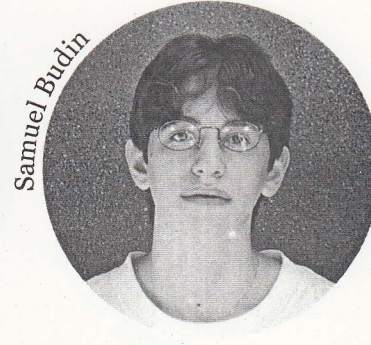
Gabriel Kishnevski



Ben Ragen



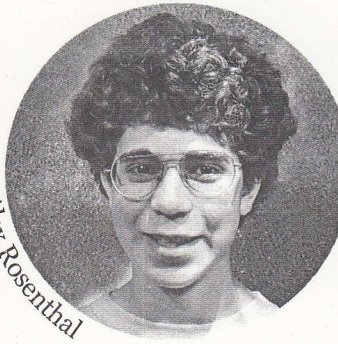
Andrew Bearnot



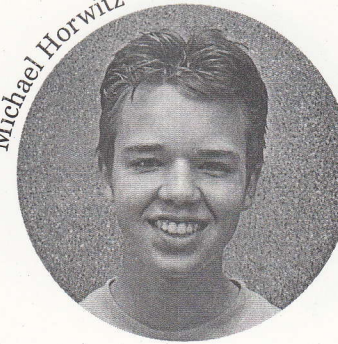
Samuel Budin



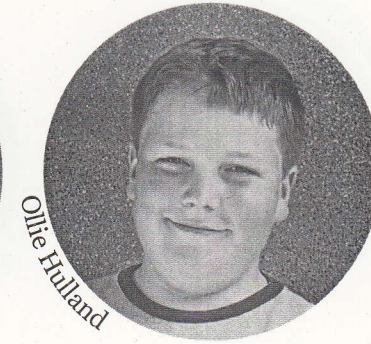
Seth Mickenberg



Alex Rosenthal



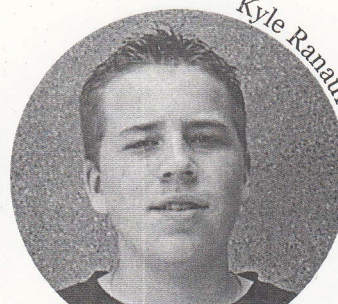
Michael Horwitz



Ollie Hulland



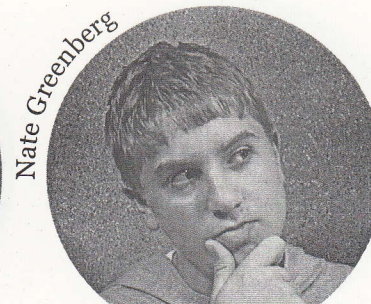
Mike Levy



Kyle Ranauro



Ben Foltz



Nate Greenberg